The Midler Distance *Richard Poirier*

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PER NEW
44017
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BEREA OHIO

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—August 2 & 9, 1975, 50 cents

Mrs. Gandhi's Opposition

Oriana Fallaci

The Postwar World

John Lukacs

Frank Kermode on London Today

Michael Roberts on Doomsday Sprays

William Korey on Helsinki

TRB on the Panama Canal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
August 9, 1975

Letting Go

A well-aimed hand grenade could put a lock of the Panama Canal out of commission for a month; a blast at the Gatun Dam that emptied the Gatun Lake could disable the canal for two years till rainfall refilled the big artificial reservoir. We are playing for those stakes, and stakes a lot higher, in the current climax of our 11-year treaty negotiations with Panama which few Americans know anything about and in which President Ford and Henry Kissinger are overwhelmingly right, and the obstructionists and chauvinists in Congress are dead wrong.

More serious than possible temporary interruption of the Canal is the possibility that we are heading toward a Vietnam guerrilla war situation in the Western Hemisphere—right on our back porch, so to speak—which will put the sentiment of the world against us, solidify Latin America and, in the long run, profit nobody but Communists. The United States has no more reason to try to retain colonial status over the Canal Zone "in perpetuity," in the words of Teddy Roosevelt's 1903 Treaty, than does Portugal over Angola and Mozambique, which she has wisely relinquished. Colonialism is on the way out all over the world and this applies to the United States, as it recently found out in Vietnam.

Here are a couple of recent comments about Panama to put it in context: Alejandro Orfila, secretary general, Organization of American States, last week, "It is the most important issue that we have in the Americas today." Henry Kissinger, speaking in Minneapolis: there is the possibility of "a kind of nationalistic, guerrilla type of operation that we have not seen before in the Western Hemisphere." As to the fragility of the canal, a defense group of the Interoceanic Canal Study Commission in 1970 specifically noted the "vulnerability of the present canal" to the attack of a relatively unsophisticated weapon, and warned that the Gatun Lake, which feeds the canal, might be emptied for a possible two years by a simple breach of the dam.

President Ford heads for Helsinki, Congress heads for vacation, and assorted time bombs—Panama, the energy crisis and eight and one-half million unemployed—tick quietly at home in the calm summer of 1975, not making much news but perfectly audible if your ear is attuned. As to Panama we seem to be heading toward a confrontation: after 11 years of intermittent treaty negotiation the Ford Administration is just about ready to send to the Senate an instrument that will modernize our relations, but before it is even presented Congress has struck it two blows; in the Senate Southern chauvinist Strom Thurmond (R) of South Carolina offers a resolution that already has the necessary one-third-plus-one votes, to defeat a treaty, and in the House, members approved a rider to an appropriation bill 246 to 164 declaring that no funds "shall be used for purposes of negotiating the surrender or relinquishment of any US rights in the Panama Canal Zone."

Powder-keg Panama

Tension steadily mounts in Panama. Populist strong man Gen. Omar Torrijos, sympathetic to the US, keeps volatile students in check but it is agreed that if he desired he could turn on violence like a faucet. There were riots in 1964 with 24 deaths and temporary severance of diplomatic relations. In a recent speech Ellsworth Bunker, US negotiator of the proposed new treaty, warned Americans solemnly that "the Canal is vulnerable to sabotage and terroristic acts" and that "adherence to the status quo would more likely lead to the Canal's closure and loss." Teddy Roosevelt "took" the Canal in 1903 when he sent gunboats to support Panama's revolt against Colombia and presented a treaty a few days later. The Secretary of State wrote a senator, "We shall have a treaty very satisfactory, vastly advantageous to the United States, and we must confess, not so advantageous to Panama." After quick Senate ratification John Hay wrote privately again, "You and I know very well how many points are in the treaty to which many patriotic Panamanians would object."

President Eisenhower and every president since then has favored modernizing this treaty of which Ambassador Bunker said publicly, "No nation, including ours, would accept today a treaty which permits exercise of rights as if sovereign on a foreign land in perpetuity." It provides a zone 10 miles wide through the center of Panama into which, if one of the two million citizens steps, he is at once out of tropical slums into a tidy middle-income North American community with seven golf clubs, speaking a language he doesn't understand, buying goods at commissaries cheaper than in the US and subjecting him to foreign laws, police and courts.

Panama got into the 1964 election when Lyndon Johnson defended conciliation and Goldwater said Uncle Sam was being treated as a "spineless pushover." Against mounting conservative opposition Kissinger went to Panama in 1974 and signed an eight-point preliminary "agreement in principle." Whether President Ford will hold out against hawks in his party remains to be seen. GOP hardliners, like Senator Thurmond declare, "The Canal Zone is both the territory and property of the United States. We paid for it and it is ours—in perpetuity."

By contrast Ambassador Bunker says, "We have never claimed sovereignty over the Canal Zone . . . we are the only country in the world exercising extra-territoriality on the soil of another country." He urges partnership.

Actually the importance of the Canal to US defense is in question. The US paid $10 million to Panama at the start, and the Canal cost a third of a billion dollars. It proved enormously valuable in sending heavy supplies to Vietnam in the war. But a recent analysis of traffic calls it "convenient," "useful" rather than "vital." Big US war craft can't get through nor can large tankers; in 1970 about 1300 commercial vessels were afloat or being built too large for the Canal locks, and 1750 that couldn't move fully-laden.

Nobody knows the mood of America on this issue. Nobody knows how far the Senate hawks would go; they seem to have grown angrier since defeat in Vietnam. As for Panama—the tinder only waits for a spark.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 173, Nos. 5 & 6, Issues 3160 & 3161, August 2 & 9, 1975. Published weekly (except the issues of January 4, July 12, August 9, August 23) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 50¢; Yearly subscriptions, $17; foreign, $20; students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1975 by The New Republic, Inc.* *Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

Contents

5 Comment
The Indian Domino, Oil Bills
6 Good Intentions: The Helsinki Accords
—*William Korey*
7 Doomsday Sprays—*Michael Roberts*
9 The US in Asia after Vietnam
—*Tad Szulc*
2 Moraji Desai: Mrs. Gandhi's Opposition
—*Oriana Fallaci*
8 The Postwar World—*John Lukacs*
2 Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
3 London Letter 2—*Frank Kermode*
5 Mass Appeal: Bette Midler
—*Richard Poirier*
8 Books—Reviews by *Charles S. Maier, Lawrence Dugan*
1 The Back of the Book—*Roger Rosenblatt*
2 Correspondence

The Staff

Chairman, Editorial Board—Martin Peretz
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Managing Editor—David Sanford
Literary Editor—Roger Rosenblatt
Senior Editor—John Osborne
Associate Editor—Eliot Marshall
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor—
Cherryl Holt
Staff Writer—Lincoln Caplan
Contributing Editors—Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer, Paul R. Wieck
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
West Coast Editor—Peter Barnes
Production Manager—Ilene Briggin Kahane
Assistant Production Manager—
Elise D. Ritter
Circulation Manager—Elizabeth A. Scanlan
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Assistant Business Manager—
Constance Cole Twining
New Republic Feature Syndicate—
Leslie B. Seagrave
Advertising and Promotion—
Beth W. Newburger
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan
Advertising Representative—
E. Laurence White, 50 E. 42nd St., NYC 10017, (212) 986-6210

The Indian Domino

Swift and sometimes ruthless, the repression of Indian politics by Prime Minister Indira Gandhi in late June has already taken on ominous meaning for many observers. The censorship and arrests inevitably have been seen in the US as a historic blow to the cause of democracy. India, we and the Indians were fond of claiming with a certain lack of precision, was the world's largest. The crackdown seemed to confirm the "autocratic" obsessions so often hiding hypocritically behind the moralism of frequent critics of America like Mrs. Gandhi and her father.

The sanctimony, we may now assume, has ended, or at least we will no longer feel obliged to take it very seriously. The truth is, however, that informed opinion has always been more than skeptical about the Indian pretense of being a special ethical force in world politics. This point has been argued and documented in a seminal book by Harold Isaacs, *Scratches on Our Minds* (recently reissued as *Images of Asians: American Views of China and India.*)

The negative impressions have been reinforced by India's own casual aggressions against its smaller neighbors. But the dramatic collapse now of its domestic facade, which may have stunned the hard-core of India's dogged friends, has also evoked an understandable *schadenfreude* among others.

As has happened recurrently in a stormy past, from the bloody partition of 1947 to the 1971 Indo-Pakistan war and the birth of Bangladesh, the unpredictable turns of political fortune on the subcontinent can stand to mock glib judgments about meanings and portents. But whatever the sequel to the June coup, it should still be possible to see the Indian events in a fresh perspective.

Perhaps the most unsatisfying reality about the repression is that it was neither so wanton nor even so much a genuine change in the underlying realities of Indian politics as it has appeared to be to the outside world. Thirty years of wishful rhetoric by colonial ministers, Indian politicians and American diplomats aside, there are reasons to doubt that India has ever been "governed" by what the West has imagined as "democracy." Since independence, the basic political decisions in the country—who gets what, as Harold Lasswell put it with such simple cogency—have been made largely by an arbitrary bargaining process among the regional elites. India's was, and is, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

system that has little to do with civil liberties or authentic public participation. The ruling Congress party was a creature of this politics, deprived of any true national identity and ever hostage to the Indian version of ward-heeling local interests. In short, politics began and ended with the ancient and seemingly ineradicable ethnic and linguistic divisions of the subcontinent.

Beyond the oligarchic political structure those divisions imposed, a vast administrative bureaucracy has run the country for 28 years with a beguiling semblance of national purpose. For its part the army was also riven by regionalism and remained satisfied with the role of another constituent claimant on the central budget, mainly appeased by billions of rupees in arms purchases from the Soviet Union over the last two decades and lately by the establishment of a booming local arms industry.

The important point in all this was not so much the corruption and misgovernment that patrons of India like the US have politely ignored for the most part, but rather that none of the alternatives to Mrs. Gandhi—from the internationally respected socialist Jayaprakash Narayan to the growing right wing parties—offers any departure from this cozy system. No opposition coalition escapes the regional subversions; none, except perhaps the splintered Communists, stands on a program that would really change the present lopsided distribution of wealth and political power.

"Somebody pushed."

It is certainly an added tragedy that Indira Gandhi, a supreme practitioner of the elitist bargaining, has now destroyed even the pretense of public accountability by jailing opponents and gagging the press. In terms of decisive political power, however, the coup essentially reduced the size of the ruling clique. It will probably leave the average Indian, whom American liberals have seen as the ultimate reason for our policy on the subcontinent, no less disenfranchised, no less in the grip of bureaucracy and the regional spoils system, than before. What seems in that sense an enormous legal and moral change to outsiders viewing the repression may turn out to have scarce practical effect in human terms inside India.

Similarly, despite the dire predictions of her opponents, the Gandhi coup will probably have little impact on Western governments' long-time major interest in India: the country's economic development. The same week the prime minister seized emergency powers and shackled her critics, the World Bank aid-India Consortium meeting in Paris warmly recommended an increase in assistance to the country. The criteria were not freedom of the press or parliamentary immunity; the recommendation was justified by India's relative success last year in controlling inflation. Again much of the accepted rhetoric about democracy rings hollow in what the bureaucrats call the "real world." There, the logic of India's development and stability in the international economy, the exports of jute, tea and iron to the US, Japan and Britain and the imports of manufactured goods from the same countries, are the stuff of decisions by the corporate investors, bankers and civil servants in Washington and elsewhere who decide the flow of world capital. There is every indication that India will continue to receive substantial international economic support regardless of the fate of Indian democracy, or what there was of it.

Economic development has in a curious sense made possible Mrs. Gandhi's embryonic dictatorship. It was supposed to be poverty that invited tyranny; in India the events of June may demonstrate just the opposite. What has sustained the prime minister in her excesses of the past weeks has not been her divided Congress party—and certainly not the demand of the hungry for a strong leader—but rather the huge legion of civil servants whom economic development has given a vested interest in stability, even at the price of lost civil liberties.

Ironically, it has been many of "our men" in Delhi, the Harvard- and Berkeley-trained economists and administrators, the men whom Western aid spawned and the men we dealt with as instruments of our policy, who have been carrying on—and thus carrying Mrs. Gandhi's rule—as she extinguished their country's vestiges of political liberty.

The final arbiter of the coup, as in Portugal and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Greece in the past year, will probably be the Indian army, the one institution in the country least dependent on external support from the West, fed as it is so richly by Russian weapons and technology. The Indian officer corps still affects the British tradition of apolitical duty mixed with an apparent preference for parliamentary forms. But the rank and file, and even junior officers, are subject to the same intense regional loyalties that cripple their political counterparts. And like the bureaucracy, the army has a very sizable stake in avoiding a civil war or radical political swing that could slash their budget or, more vulnerable, the gathering individual financial perquisites that often purchase the acquiescence of the military in poor societies. In any event, Westerners who yearn for military deliverance from Indira Gandhi must face the prospect of what kind of rule the army would provide. There is little in the history of the army or in its present composition to argue that the country would not simply be exchanging one-woman autocracy for repression by senior officers, many of whom do not conceal their passion for a nuclear arsenal or for more buffer territory in the Pakistani punjab.

If the horrors of the Gandhi coup are not as remarkable as they have seemed in the Western press, there are nevertheless ramifications for US policy, and for the pretensions of *pax Americana*. More than a billion dollars in US aid could not assure democracy in India, let alone a pro-US Indian foreign policy. Nor could our intervention assure the economic and social transformations that would have broken the power of the post-colonial elite and made a reality of our claim to be developing the subcontinent for the benefit of its long-suffering population. The Indian government did have in that respect what Henry Kissinger called "internal will," the key missing ingredient in Saigon. But the will was employed, as former Ambassador to India Daniel Patrick Moynihan put it, to pursue "stagnation by choice."

Mrs. Gandhi's action, it should be reported, is in another way a cruel rebuke to the US. Morarji Desai, (interviewed in this issue by Oriana Fallaci) whom the Americans would have preferred as prime minister, was one of the first casualties of the take-over. When Parliament was reconvened last week, Mrs. Gandhi sat directly facing his empty chair.

In moving toward the Soviet Union, India was scarcely a conventional domino. In fact it contradicted the emerging wisdom on how US clients maintain their "freedom." Here was a country fresh from a victorious war in 1971, the recipient of generous military and economic aid, its independence regularly celebrated at the UN and elsewhere, its development a relative "success story." Yet it succumbs to a left authoritarianism that may not soon compare to the defunct political order in South Vietnam. The moral for Secretary Kissinger and his successors is murky at best. Much of the experience would seem to say that we have just been shown once again that the final determinant of international politics is domestic politics over which we have scant control, whatever our resources or penchant for manipulation. For a generation of liberals weaned on the nobility of Indian development and democracy, admiring the caustic independence of Delhi's foreign policy, the bitter pill may be the realization that India will now go her own way, just as China a generation ago disappointed similar American hopes and pretentions.

The United States will, of course, still have interests on the subcontinent, an abiding interest in avoiding the outbreak of an entangling war, and at best a humanitarian interest in the life of people whatever their political fate. But the time of simple labels, of heroes and villains (or villainesses) in our view of the subcontinent is past.

For the time being, the Indian people will probably defer judgment about the coup, whether it is an army countermove or an administrative evolution toward more thorough dictatorship. In the process, American policy toward Mrs. Gandhi should recognize with fresh realism at least the relative lack of hypocrisy in what she has done, and how little the "real world" has really changed for us or for her. India is another sign that we are not entering a good season for democracy or human welfare on the scale we once hoped for, and that in any event, we cannot make much difference in the outcome. It is a world, as the accumulating revelations of CIA actions reveals, which we have not accepted in the past, and in which we must now relearn both our interests and capabilities.

Oil Bills

President Ford continues to make policy by saying no. Last week he said no to a bill that would have kept oil prices under the government's control and actually reduced the cost of the highest priced "new" oil from around $13 to $11 a barrel. Chastened by its inability to override the President's earlier vetoes, Congress barely made a protest. But it did return the favor by saying no to Mr. Ford's proposal, a bill to remove all government controls on oil in a step-by-step process taking 30 months. All this negativism leaves an empty place in oil policy. There's a frantic attempt underway to get Congress to write a bill before it goes on vacation, for, if nothing is done, the government's authority to set prices will run out all at once on September 1. Ford says he will let that happen if Congress won't pass his kind of bill. It's become a contest that Congress can't win and can't afford to ignore. The stalemate, if it prevents new price increases, may prove a blessing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Helsinki Accords

Good Intentions

To judge from a recent front-page editorial in *Pravda*, the 25th Congress of the Soviet Communist party, scheduled for next February 24, will be one long paean to Leonid Brezhnev's policy of détente, and to the agreement that will be sealed at the European Conference on Security and Cooperation in Helsinki. *Pravda* referred to the forthcoming meeting as "a major landmark on the path of strengthening European peace and ensuring world peace and the security of peoples." Whether it will also be "a major landmark" for human rights is quite another question.

Soviet enthusiasm for the European conference is understandable. The Helsinki conference is to confer international approval upon existing border arrangements and, thereby, ratify Soviet predominance in Eastern Europe. It's an old dream come true. The USSR first floated the idea of an all-European security conference in February, 1954. Twelve years later, on March 29, 1966, Brezhnev made the conference objective official Communist party policy and pursued it with ceaseless energy.

By the fall of 1969 NATO was prepared to go along with the Soviet initiative. Talk of détente filled the air. But the Western governments were insistent that the proposed dialogue must include a subject that the Kremlin had shunned—human rights. They also sought to include the United States and Canada in the proposed conference. Both conditions were accepted the following year by the Warsaw Pact countries.

Helsinki was the scene for preparatory talks, held on the ambassadorial level. They began in November 1972 and ended six months later. The governments agreed to an agenda of three broad topics, called "baskets." Basket I would focus on questions of European security; basket II on economics, science, technology and environment; and basket III on human and cultural contacts. The items to be dealt with in basket III had, as their purpose—according to Western delegates—the realization of "the free flow of peoples, ideas and information."

Agreement was also reached on 10 "basic principles," mostly Soviet-sponsored. Among them were the key objectives of the Kremlin: "inviolability of frontiers" and "nonintervention in internal affairs." Only one of the "principles"—an important one—was a Western contribution. It read: "Respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms, including the freedom of thought, conscience, religion or belief."

The actual Conference on Security and Cooperaton began shortly afterwards. The foreign ministers of the participating governments met at Helsinki for four days in July 1973 for stage I of the conference. The short session was followed by the "committee stage," which opened in Geneva in September 1973. Now after nearly two years of discussion on the various baskets, the conference will shortly conclude with approval of a "final document" containing the text of the substantive decisions on which there is a consensus. Formal adoption of the document takes place at a super-summit spectacular to start in Helsinki July 30. The Soviets are pushing for attendance by 35 heads of state to affix their signature, in a solemn and majestic ceremony. President Ford is to be among them. The star-studded gathering is expected to be the biggest in history, bigger even than the Congress of Vienna of 1815, the Congress of Berlin in 1878 or the Versailles Conference in 1919.

The *Pravda* editorial, in commenting on the Helsinki meeting, said nothing about human rights. The "main content" of détente was defined as the renunciation of force and nonintervention in nations' internal affairs. Brezhnev has said that détente does not mean the relaxation of the "ideological struggle," and in October 1973, he told a World Congress of Peace Forces in Moscow that "talk of freedom . . . and human rights" is merely an attempt "to interfere in the internal affairs of the socialist countries. . . ." This view was repeated by the Warsaw Pact delegates at Geneva and summed up in a Bulgarian news agency dispatch last January 30 that denounced advocacy of freedom of information as "vain hopes, harbored by certain circles among the participants in the conference of creating conditions that would permit ideological sabotage to penetrate the socialist countries unhindered."

As for freedom of movement, Soviet actions speak louder. During 1974 the rate of Jewish emigration from the USSR declined 40 percent and the first half of 1975 saw a further 40 percent drop. Harassment of Jewish activists has been stepped up. Some have been arrested and sentenced to harsh prison terms. Others were warned that they could expect trials and convictions on a variety of grounds ranging from parasitism to treason. An intense propaganda campaign was undertaken in the Soviet press to discourage applications for exit visas and to generate an atmosphere of anxiety.

But even as the Kremlin was sharply reducing the "flow" of Soviet Jews, it agreed in Geneva last November 30 to a text on "reunion of families" that stood in sharp contrast to Russian practices. The text stipulated that application for "reunion of families"—which is the reason Soviet Jews have used in applying for exit visas for Israel—will be dealt with in a "positive and humanitarian" manner, as expeditiously as possible. Charges and fees levied on applicants are to be moderate. The rights of applicants are not to be denied, that is, official harassment would seem to be forbidden.

Britain initially took the lead in pressing on human rights. Sir Alec Douglas-Home, at the early meetings in Helsinki, insisted that "cooperation in the humanitarian field is in my judgment the most important item of our business." He warned that "basket I will be empty

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unless there are plenty of eggs in basket III." The French, too, actively urged that the discussions focus not only on generalities—which is what the Soviets wanted—but on specific human rights questions. The effort got the support of Canada, the Netherlands and West Germany.

Throughout the earlier meetings, the US assumed a low profile consistent with the thesis of President Nixon and Secretary Kissinger that internal changes are not subject to external pressures. Members of the American delegation at Geneva were concerned enough to caution the State Department that its position tended to weaken the strong stand of its Western allies. Their arguments evidently had an impact in Washington. From the fall of 1974, the United States became a more vigorous advocate of human rights but, as an assistant secretary of state, Arthur A. Hartman noted on May 6 before a House foreign affairs subcommittee: "We have sought to encourage realism by all participants with respect to what can and what cannot be achieved in changing human conditions in the East."

On the various items in basket III agreement has already been reached. In addition to family reunion, texts have been approved on marriages between nationals of different states, tourism, access to information, and cultural and educational cooperation. Soviet good faith, however, remains in question. The current Kremlin violations of the agreed-upon text covering reunion of families, for example, are hardly conducive to winning strong American public support for the conference.

While the "final document" of the conference will not arouse much enthusiasm, it does, for the first time, recognize human rights as one of the guiding "principles" in interstate relations thereby vitiating the persistent argument that they fall exclusively within domestic jurisdiction. The 35 participating governments pledge themselves to respect, promote and encourage the "effective exercise" of human rights as an "essential factor for peace, justice and well-being."

The document is not a binding covenant but, like the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, its clauses can be invoked in the future relations of nations. Implementation is the critical problem. Denmark, with the support of the West, has proposed that the 35 should meet in 1977 on a senior official level to evaluate progress that has been achieved and to discuss violations. It is the effectiveness of the follow-up that will determine whether the European Conference on Security and Cooperation will be "a major landmark" in expanding human rights and thus in strengthening détente.

William Korey

Mr. Korey is the author of *The Soviet Cage.* (The Viking Press)

Abplanalp's Aerosols

Doomsday Sprays

The Federal Interagency Task Force on Inadvertent Modification of the Stratosphere may sound like something Art Buchwald invented on a slow day, but it is real and it is concerned about the future of the human race. Based on credible scientific findings, FITFIMS says it does indeed look as if the sky is falling. Not the whole sky actually—just the atmospheric layer that keeps us, our livestock and our crops from burning to a crisp.

Recently the task force, made up of 14 government agencies, announced its agreement with scientists who say the ozone layer in the stratosphere is being destroyed by gases released by aerosol spray cans. Ozone (a modified form of oxygen—three atoms to the molecule instead of two) shields the earth from some of the sun's ultraviolet wavelengths. According to the theory, ozone is attacked by chlorine contained in the fluorocarbon gases used to propel hair spray, deodorant and the like. Chlorine atoms are freed by the sun's rays; eventually they combine chemically with ozone molecules, plucking off one of the three atoms and leaving ordinary oxygen. The catalytic nature of the reaction is said to be such that one chlorine atom can initiate the destruction of 100,000 ozone molecules.

While ozone is continuously being broken down and reformed by natural means, human interference may be depleting the protective layer much faster than it can repair itself. The scientists who say that predict these results: greater incidence of skin cancer (one estimate: up to 60,000 extra cases a year in the US), eye damage including blindness, earlier skin aging, destructive changes in plant and animal life.

Cooler heads have been reassuring the worriers that a) skin cancers rank far down the list of malignancy killratings and b) ultraviolet rays are nothing compared to the predicted ice age, sneaking up any millenium now. The skeptics' position is further buttressed by the absence of visible victims—damage is expected to manifest itself toward the end of the century—and by the seeming implausibility of hair-spray holocaust. "How," Michael Drosnin asked in *New Times*, "can a world that has lived three decades with the specter of nuclear annihilation believe it will be done in by a blast of hair spray or underarm deodorant?"

Even the federal task force acknowledged such doubts. Dr. Russell W. Peterson, chairman of the White House Council on Environmental Quality, said, "It is difficult to perceive that when you are spraying an antiperspirant in your bathroom you are endangering the health of everyone in the world." Despite all, the panelists claimed to be persuaded. Peterson and Dr. Guyford Stever, another White House science adviser, pledged to save a few ozone molecules by reducing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aerosol spray use in their homes. On a larger scale the task force recommended a ban on the use of fluorocarbons in spray cans as of 1978, absent refutation of the ozone-destruction theory by a more detailed National Academy of Sciences report due next spring. Further modification of the stratosphere can not now be called inadvertent.

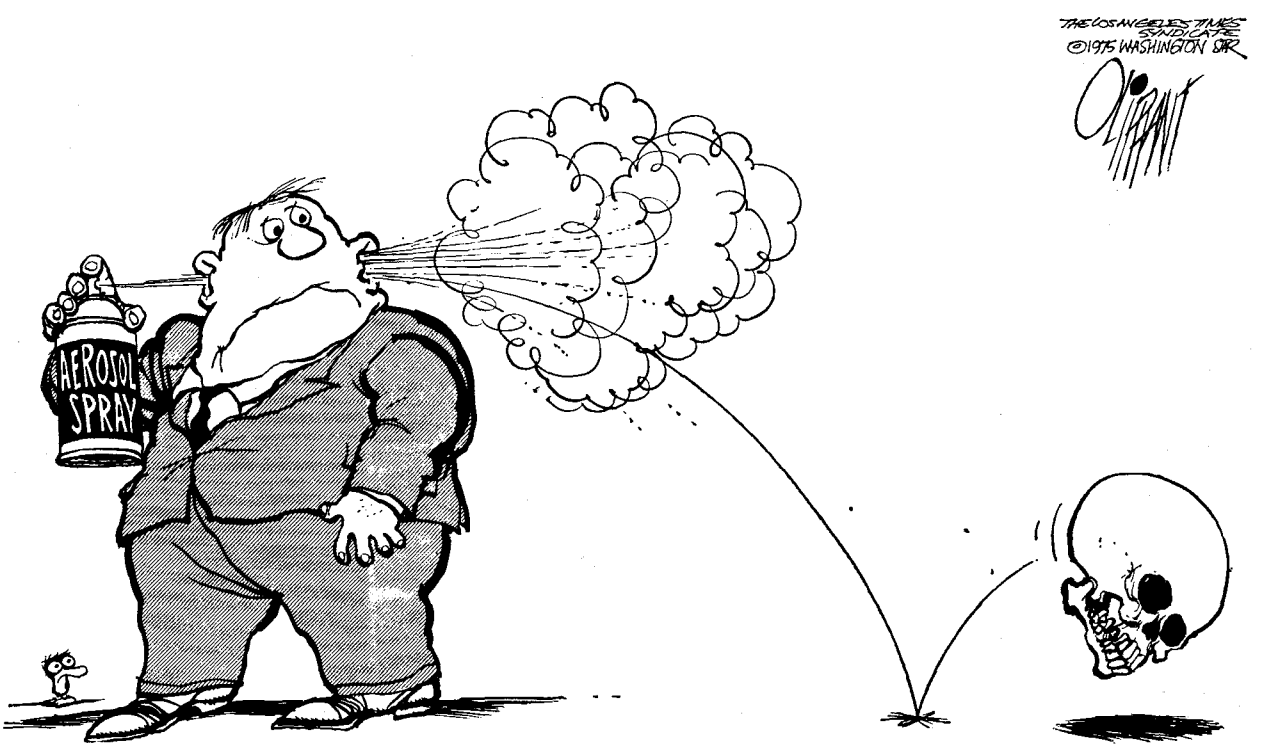
Not everyone views the proposal as radical. The National Resources Defense Council, an environmentalist group, regards the task force position as weak and is suing the government for an immediate ban. But the aerosol industry says anything less than a three-year study is wildly irresponsible. "I think it's all nonsense," Richard Nixon's dear friend Robert H. Abplanalp told a reporter. Abplanalp is sole owner of Precision Valve Corp., maker of more than half the spray valves used in aerosol cans worldwide. Precision Valve's production was reportedly down 40 percent in the early months of this year, owing partly to hard times but surely somewhat also to the "nonsense."

It was Abplanalp's invention—a mass-production, leakproof plastic and metal valve—that enabled the industry to grow from an output of 188 million cans in 1954 to about three billion in 1974, and to package almost every conceivable household product—cosmetics, food, cleaners and poisons—in a spray can. Not all are propelled by fluorocarbons. But personal grooming products like hair spray and deodorant, which account for half the aerosols sold, use the suspect gases. Why? For one thing they produce a very fine spray. They are extremely stable; hence they don't react with the product in the can. Unlike hydrocarbons, used in other types of sprays, they are not flammable.

The public's willingness to pay for such benefits translates into very big money. Dr. Raymond McCarthy of Du Pont (in arguing the economic folly of governmental tampering) estimates the production, packaging and distribution of fluorocarbons to be an $8 billion industry, involving one million workers. Du Pont, having by far the largest stake in preserving the status quo, has taken to pleading its case in block newspaper ads. "Why . . . should an industry be prejudged," the company asks. By way of impeaching scientific claims, Du Pont notes that "an early proponent" now says his original ozone depletion projections were three times too high, "so it would appear that there is time to study." The early proponent is Dr. Ralph Cicerone, who had the same trick pulled on him by another industry spokesman in a letter to *The New York Times*. Cicerone jumps at the chance to correct the implication: "They made it sound as if I was dismissing the problem, and nothing could be farther from the truth." In the ads, Du Pont goes on to decry the "ban now-find out later approach . . . a disturbing trend," and to praise a newly begun "comprehensive study" by manufacturers, which reminds me of the early days of Watergate when the White House was investigating itself.

Du Pont and its competitors stress the economic angle, with support from the financial press. *Barron's*, playing bottom-line Cassandra, projected a business chain reaction: In the event of a ban, valve and can makers would die off one by one, causing the demise of the frozen and refrigerated food industry and the air conditioning business.

If aerosols have always been an absolute good in the



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyes of stockholders, they have had a checkered history with consumers. People have been using the sprays to get high—the fumes are intoxicating. Inhalation leads to nervous system depression, in turn causing heart failure. About 125 Americans die this way each year.

Zirconium, added to some antiperspirants as an ultimate defense against—pardon the expression—underarm wetness, is suspected of causing serious lung damage. Procter & Gamble continues to sell Sure and Secret, zirconium sprays that together account for about $50 million of the annual $500 million deodorant market. Carter-Wallace, maker of Arrid XX with zirconium, told the FDA it subjected the spray "to the most sophisticated and intensive research in the history of the antiperspirant industry," and believes "the product can be used safely. Otherwise the company would not have sold it." Nevertheless the FDA has proposed a ban of zirconium sprays and is in the midst of a 90-day public comment period. Right Guard advertises it "contains no zirconium." As with hexachlorophene and cyclamates, first they advertise they have it, then they advertise they don't.

On top of everything, the aerosol people have been accused of sharp practices. A group of law students from George Washington University, calling themselves STRAFE (Students Resisting Aerosol Fluorocarbon Emissions), petitioned the Federal Trade Commission to require labels giving the percentage of propellant in a can. STRAFE said some cans contain as much as 95 percent propellant and only five percent product (scientists confirm this), and claimed the "ripoff" costs the public more than $200 million a year.

But all other aerosol accusations pale beside the chain of discoveries beginning in 1970 when an English chemist, Dr. James E. Lovelock, perceived that released fluorocarbons eventually found their way into the stratosphere. Late in 1973 Dr. F. Sherwood Rowland and Dr. Mario J. Molina, at the University of California at Irvine, discovered the breakdown of fluorocarbon molecules and the subsequent destruction of ozone by freed chlorine. Rowland and Molina estimate, assuming the production of fluorocarbons continues to increase by 10 percent a year, that the ozone will have been decreased five to seven percent by 1995, 30 to 50 percent by 2050.

Anti-fluorocarbon bills have been introduced in 14 state legislatures but only Oregon has passed one, with the ban taking effect March 1, 1977. Lobbying efforts have killed legislation in six of those states, including California, where according to *The New York Times* the efforts of Du Pont, Continental Can, American Can, the California Manufacturers Association, the California Chamber of Commerce and the Teamster and steelworkers unions were used, and a senator on a critical committee was visited by 12 industry representatives. The *Times* also reports that "two of the highest paid lobbyists in Albany" are working to avert a ban in New York. Industry has an advantage there. It constitutes an identifiable, unified interest group, whereas the potential victims of ultraviolet damage—the population of the earth—have no specific representation. So it's conceivable that singleminded, dedicated lobbying may in the end have more effect on government's reaction to the threat than all the scientific claims and counterclaims.

Michael Roberts

Mr. Roberts is a Washington writer.

The US in Asia After Vietnam

by Tad Szulc

Three months have passed since the collapse of Cambodia and South Vietnam, since the end of the generation-long American military involvement in Indochina. Post-Indochina policy reassessments in Washington as well as in Peking, Moscow, Hanoi, Tokyo and in the other Asian capitals are still underway; it is a complex process of adapting to new realities and realigning old positions. But the main trends are becoming discernible. On the whole they are not altogether discouraging to the US.

There may even be a silver lining in what three months ago seemed a bleak situation for the US in East Asia. The Korean war scare, for example, seems to be over. But the Ford Administration must retain its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

present cool now that it appears to have gotten over the knee-jerk reactions of the initial postwar period—for instance, the grotesquely tragic handling of the Mayaguez incident, and the President's nuclear saber-rattling over Korea. Mr. Ford must look at Asia in the broadest context, and get busy with creative policy ideas. Fresh American ideas, in fact, are what Asia wants most to hear these days. Indications are that Secretary of State Kissinger and his advisers, having regained their psychological equilibrium, are thinking quietly but hard about the new Asia.

Every discussion of the Asian situation must start with the objective reality that Indochina has gone Communist. This view was expressed privately by US officials as well as by knowledgeable foreign diplomats, including Communist diplomats, in a number of recent background interviews. There is a consensus, particularly on the Western side, that it is no longer relevant or useful to argue about what could or should have been done to save Saigon and Pnompenh from the April collapse—nor to tear our hair over the possibility that the whole row of Southeast Asian dominoes would be falling as the immediate result of the Communist takeover in Indochina. Despite a recent escalation in Asian insurgencies, particularly in Thailand and Malaysia, few diplomatic experts, American or foreign, see additional dominoes falling in the predictable future. That Laos would go Communist in the aftermath of Vietnam and Cambodia was a geopolitical certainty that caused no real surprise here.

There is now a deepening rivalry between the Soviet Union and China for influence in Indochina and beyond. Realistically this state of affairs favors the American position in the region because the US (and to a lesser extent Japan) is a powerful countervailing force in the simmering Communist politics of Asia. The US need not organize intrigues in Asia between Moscow and Peking; all it has to do is to take advantage of the natural dynamics of the situation in that area and to develop opportune policies.

The practical effect of the Sino-Soviet rivalry is that the last thing Peking wants to see is the erosion of the American presence in Asia while Moscow just as keenly desires the US to pull away as much as possible. US officials, who are in permanent contact with the Chinese, say that there is "sufficient evidence" that China wishes America to stay in Asia. The Chinese themselves, as evinced by *their* new policies, make this absolutely clear. As for Moscow, an authoritative article published in mid-July in the Soviet Defense Ministry's newspaper *Krasnaya Zvezda* illustrates how the Kremlin feels about the American presence: the article pointedly warns Asian nations that they could be drawn into military conflicts if they allow US military installations on their territories. This warning clearly was addressed to Thailand and the Philippines, which are currently discussing changes in their military relationships with the US, as well as to Japan and South Korea, which want to strengthen theirs.

It is probably a good guess that at this juncture it is the Soviet Union that has benefited most from the Indochina collapse—at China's expense. Although Hanoi played the Russians and the Chinese against each other during the long war (or, at least, used them for its own ends), diplomats from countries that maintain representatives in both Vietnamese capitals believe that at this point the North Vietnamese have veered toward Moscow. The immediate explanation is that having now themselves become a major military and political power in the region, the Vietnamese perceive Peking as their natural rival (there are, of course, centuries of history behind this assessment) in that part of Asia. An alliance with the Russians is a logical consequence.

The litmus test of where Hanoi stands in the configuration of Asian politics came when the Vietnamese publicly joined the Russians in applauding Indira Gandhi for her recent dictatorial moves in India. Peking, on the other hand, wasted no time in denouncing Mrs. Gandhi. To be sure the Chinese, who fought a war with India in 1962, regard it as a Soviet client state. And India has had cordial relations with Hanoi for some time. In this sense the Soviet-Chinese rivalries extend all the way into South Asia where the Russians are allied with the Indians and the Chinese are among Pakistan's warmest friends.

Eastern European diplomats, who nowadays are probably the best informed about the situation in Indochina (although they, too, suffer from incomplete knowledge), believe that the Chinese are secretly but strongly backing certain factions in the South Vietnamese Provisional Revolutionary Government against Hanoi. They say that there are strong tensions within the two Communist establishments in Vietnam. If, indeed, Hanoi wants to wait five years before a formal reunification of the two Vietnams, then according to these diplomats, there must be at least the appearance of a separate government in Saigon. The PRG has applied for UN membership and established diplomatic relations with such diverse nations as Britain and Japan in addition to Communist and "Third World" countries. But it is unclear whether there is a full-fledged Chinese embassy in Saigon. There also are unconfirmed reports that some PRG groups, responsive to the Chinese influence, have been destroying American-made war matériel once belonging to former President Thieu's army in order to damage the present Vietnamese military potential.

In Cambodia, US officials believe the Chinese have something of a stronger hand. Presumably because Prince Norodom Sihanouk, Cambodia's nominal head of state, has been a Chinese client since 1970, the Russians chose to maintain relations with the pro-US Lon Nol regime almost until the end—with the result that their embassy was expelled when the Khmer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rouge assumed power. Nobody knows if there is a Chinese embassy in Pnompenh because of the total information blackout (there are no other embassies there as far as anybody knows), but Americans think that the Chinese, who have been providing food to the Cambodians, have a certain influence with the Khmer Rouge. At the same time, however, Khieu Samphan, who is *believed* to be the top Cambodian leader, has strong links with Hanoi. In May, Sihanouk inexplicably moved to P'yongyang. Cambodia, then, could go either way.

In Laos, the Soviets and Chinese are vying for supremacy. The Soviets may have an advantage in the fact that there still are North Vietnamese troops in the country (always assuming that for current tactical reasons Hanoi plays along with the Russians everywhere), but the Chinese have long had some influence in northern Laos.

That China has decided to play the American card in Asia to offset the Russians is illustrated by any number of examples. Peking has been passing the word that the unresolved Taiwan question need not complicate its relations with Washington, and that President Ford will be welcome in Peking this year regardless of where the Taiwanese problem stands. Less than a year ago, the Chinese were clearly showing their impatience over the Taiwan deadlock. Early in July, the Chinese almost made a point of not complaining when Japan restored airline communications with Taiwan, something that six months earlier might have severely complicated Sino-Japanese relations. In a broader policy move Peking named an ambassador to the European Common Market, something the Russians never seem to have considered.

In the wake of the Indochina collapse, the Chinese went out of their way to assure the US—quietly—that they would take a dim view of a North Korean attack against the South. In conversations Chinese diplomats have been emphasizing that they favor the *peaceful* reunification of Korea. The Russians, incidentally, likewise seemed to have discouraged Marshal Kim Il Sung from new peninsular adventures, probably on the obvious theory that a new Korean war would destroy détente with the US. In view of all this it was odd how much concern had developed in Washington over a possible North Korean attack. It was an artificial scare, evidently encouraged by the dictatorial President Park in Seoul, but even Defense Secretary Schlesinger admitted by mid-July that the danger of a Korean war had receded.

This overview takes us back to the position of the US in Asia. Having overcome the concern that developed last spring that its Asian friends were losing confidence in America because we failed to prevent the Indochina collapse (and much of this concern was fed by Washington which, for a time, used the fear as a justification for providing more arms to the moribund Indochinese regimes), the US has been behaving rather realistically in Asia. It refused to be hysterical at the fact that Thailand and the Philippines, our closest military allies in Asia, had established diplomatic relations with Peking. Washington was not too disturbed either by the fact that both Bangkok and Manila wish to revise their military agreements with the US. Most people in the State Department (if not in the Pentagon) believe that the American military presence in the two countries is excessive anyway, and that healthier relations may develop if there are fewer American soldiers, airmen and sailors traipsing around.

Philip Habib, the very able Assistant Secretary of State for Asian Affairs, toured Southeast Asia (including Laos) late in the spring, returning with the strong impression that most Asians want the US to play a major role in the region for a great many years. Mr. Ford heard the same thing from Indonesia's President Suharto and the Singapore prime minister. He will assure the nervous Japanese that the US has every intention of remaining a Pacific power when he meets in Washington in August with the prime minister, Takeo Miki, a politically weak leader who can use all the support he can get.

In brief the emerging American policy is to remain deeply engaged in Asia, but no longer in the overpowering way we had in the last few decades. Military and economic aid will be available to those who wish it. American military power will be deployed in the Pacific from the Philippines to Japan. And to encourage regional political and economic initiatives, Washington is showing support for the five-member Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN), hoping that the group will establish closer relations with the Japanese.

Washington seems to be relaxed about Indochina. It hopes to retain a foothold in Laos (which it will, if the Chinese have their way) and Kissinger has not foreclosed the possibility of a diplomatic relationship with the two Vietnams. Currently it is Hanoi that is showing what is probably gratuitous hostility toward the US (though they have a case when they insist that Washington should provide economic aid to the country it so grievously damaged), but this appears to be part of wider Asian politics. In the long run when some of the bitterness has worn off, both Hanoi and the new Saigon stand to gain from a relationship with the US. The State Department takes the view that we should be present in some form in Vietnam, but nobody is in a hurry about it.

Oddly, of the most difficult policy problems may

SUMMER SCHEDULE:

we will omit issues on

August 9 (next week) and 23

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

involve Japan. The Japanese see themselves caught in the middle of the Sino-Soviet rivalry, and the course they must steer is an exceedingly difficult one, particularly in the light of Japan's domestic political problems. Tokyo is anxious to see America come up with a redefinition of the relationship—one that would provide it with all the security and economic guarantees it needs to cope with the quickly changing Asian scene. Yet the Japanese seem bereft of fresh ideas, placing most of the burden on the political creativity of the US, a very tall order perhaps, but having weathered the worst of the post-Indochina season, Washington may be able to come up with constructive long-range thoughts.

Overall the new political configuration of Asia is bound to be profoundly affected by the Americans' ability to construct long-range policy guidelines. If instead we simply go on living from crisis to crisis the United States may well wind up with a whole new cluster of grave Asian problems.

Mrs. Gandhi's Opposition

Moraji Desai

by Oriana Fallaci

New Delhi, July

Within the last 14 months, Golda Meir, Willy Brandt, Richard Nixon and Haile Sellassie have met their fate. Now it is Indira Gandhi's turn. Not that she has withdrawn from the scene. Quite the opposite. With political opponents in prison, freedom of the press abolished, a state of emergency proclaimed and fear widespread, Indira Gandhi sits on her throne more firmly than ever. She is mistress of India, its undisputed empress. She will still be in the news. Not as before, however, not as the great woman who believed, or claimed to believe, in democracy, in freedom, in humane socialism, in nonalignment. Her fall is of a moral sort. There are many already calling her a fascist and her government a dictatorship. If it isn't a dictatorship it looks very much like one. How else is one to define a regime where one person alone gives the orders, where political opponents are arrested at night without any charges being proffered, where newspapers are forbidden to publish news, where foreign correspondents are not allowed to transmit a single line unless it has passed the censor, so that they are compelled, as I was, to leave the country and submit to being searched by customs for notebooks, tapes and pictures to be confiscated? What Indira perpetrated on June 26 was an authentic coup. And, if it is true that no other choice was open to her in order to remain in power, it is equally true that there is no going back. The road proceeds toward a tighter and more desperate totalitarianism, designed to show increasingly that Indian democracy is finished—killed, by the daughter of the man who had created it, Pandit Nehru.

India's turning point is one that doesn't exclusively concern its own 600 million inhabitants. It concerns the whole of Asia and reopens the question of geopolitical balance in that part of the world. North of India lies China, to the east, Thailand and to the west, Pakistan. Between India and China stress is perpetual and between India and Pakistan a state of war is endemic. From beyond the border with Thailand looms the specter of Indochinese Stalinism. And Indira's ally is the Soviet Union, which has always supported her and which may have suggested the coup. One must not lose sight of such realities in attempting to understand the events that exploded on the night of June 25 and 26 when, in my New Delhi hotel, I was awakened by an early morning phone call cancelling my appointment with member of Parliament Piloo Moti. "Why?" I inquired. The voice at the other end answered: "He was arrested three hours ago." "What about Jayaprakash Narayan?" "Arrested too." "And Raj Narain?" "Arrested too." "Chandra Singh?" "Arrested." "Mohan Dharia?" "Arrested." "Chandra Sekar?" "Arrested." "Jotiroi Besu?" "Arrested." These were all opposition leaders I had interviewed during the previous week. Just the evening before the arrests, I had interviewed Moraji Desai: first among Indira's enemies. It seemed pointless to ask if he'd been picked up too, but I did. The voice answered: "Certainly. He too. They were all arrested, between two and five in the morning. Six hundred and fifty-four of them, for the time being." I was to learn later that the number was far larger, some 3000 just that night.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What follows is the disquieting interview Moraji Desai gave me a few hours before he was removed from his home. Desai is 80, a splendid old man, intelligent and learned. He can boast of a noble past: under the British he fought at the side of his friend Mahatma Gandhi and was often imprisoned. His philosophy is nonviolence, his cult freedom. One of Nehru's close collaborators, he was a member of the Pandit's party and government. Minister and deputy prime minister several times, he was expelled from the party at Indira's instigation. He has known Indira since her childhood. To induce her to hold an early election in Gujarat, two months ago, he started a hunger strike that nearly killed him. And he won his point. If she hadn't given in and he had died, there would have been a bloodbath. When I reached his house, I found him spinning on the wheel Gandhi had invented (he told me it helped him to think). He talked to me for hours, calm and implacable, without indignation at my reluctance to believe in Indira's authoritarianism. "You like her, I know. But you're mistaken. You'll see." He discussed her faults, her mistakes, her lust for power. He painted a horrifying portrait of the woman I had admired and sought to defend. However he was incredulous at the idea that she might have him arrested. "Not that. She'll never do it. She'd commit suicide first." Late in the evening, I left him, feeling perturbed. The police had arrived some time later, while he was asleep. According to witnesses he kept his composure. All he said to the police was that they would have to wait until he'd had his bath, said his prayers and spun some cotton. Subdued, they let him have his bath, say his prayers and spin his cotton. Then they took him away and nobody knows where he is now.

Moraji Desai: You Europeans don't understand, won't understand, who Indira Gandhi is. It is always difficult to understand Indians and twice as difficult to understand a woman. You've got it into your heads that she's an extraordinary creature, a great leader. You don't realize that she's only second-rate and boasts no capacities except for intrigue, maneuvering, craft. You don't realize that she doesn't know how to solve a problem, neither social, economic nor international. Above all, you don't realize that, essentially, she is a fascist who acts only on behalf of her own interest and suppresses freedom. And beware of not praising her enough, beware of criticizing her, beware of suggesting an alternative to her autocracy as contemplated in the rules of democracy. Indira's revenge will be swift and ruthless. And people live with this fear. There are few countries in the world *where fear holds such sway as in Indira Gandhi's India.*

Oriana Fallaci: But you're portraying a dictator.
A: Until now, she has preferred to exert her dictatorship behind a democratic disguise. She hasn't yet had us, of the opposition, arrested. I'm still allowed to speak, in an interview or at a meeting. I'd have to end up in jail to be able to assert that there exist no doubts as to her total fascism. Don't forget, however, that she has had a lot of opponents arrested in the last few years. Forty thousand in Bengal alone. A special law she insisted on despite the indignation of the judges who hold it to be unconstitutional, the MISA Act, empowers her to have whomever she likes arrested whenever she likes: without specifying the reasons and without trial. Usually, however, she prefers revenge or intimidation. How do you explain the fact that the Indian press is so spineless? How do you explain that even in the days of the British the newspapers were more open, bolder? I'll tell you: because whoever writes anything against her faces economic ruin. He loses his job.

Q: You mean the whole world has been mistaken about Indira Gandhi?
A: I'm afraid so. These are times where judgment is molded by propaganda. Goebbels' disciples aren't dead and Mrs. Gandhi is one of them. She knows how to advertise herself like nobody else and has even managed to make you believe that her party was triumphantly successful in the 1971 elections. She never told you that, as compared with the previous elections, she lost 20 percent of the vote and as many as eight states. Nor did anyone ever remind her of it. People are inclined to exalt and absolve her because she's a woman. For one thing, a woman in power is something so exceptional that one is inclined to attribute to her greater merit than she actually possesses, nor does one think of a woman as a dictator. Or as a militarist or as someone addicted to violence. One always believes her when she asserts she is a liberal, an anti-militarist, against violence. I'm telling you, in one word, that the world has been taken in by the lady's *sari.* Had Indira Gandhi been a man, the world would have realized at once she was a fascist.

Q: Count me in, Mr. Desai. Because I too have always believed Indira Gandhi was a great woman. And I liked her very much when I interviewed her.
A: You all fell into the trap: newsmen, intellectuals and politicians. Nor must we forget that when Mrs. Gandhi wishes to appear likable, she's very successful at it. Moreover, she is a true Indian: we Indians harbor a thousand complexes when faced with Europeans. We're always afraid they won't accept us, so we try our best to please them. I'm sure Mrs. Gandhi did everything possible to please you. She showed herself liberal, democratic, modern, socialist and not arrogant at all. Faced with such a performance, and considering too the complicity that exists between you women, you didn't at all notice her fascist mentality. Had you come to me, I'd have put you on your guard.

Q: And what would you have said to put me on guard?
A: To begin with, I'd have said: take care, she's a woman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of no talent. Her only merit lies in being Nehru's daughter. Is that sufficient reason to make her prime minister? What had she done to obtain such an important office? Nothing. Her father's secretary. She wasn't even a member of Parliament, she was merely a member of her father's party. By herself, she'd never have achieved anything. She rose to power because that's what the party wanted, or, rather, the then party chairman, Kamaraji. He felt certain little Indira would follow his instructions like an obedient puppet. And, indeed, as soon as little Indira gained power, she threw out Kamaraji and the others who had helped her. Oh, they soon found out who Indira Gandhi was. But when they did, it was too late: she'd maneuvered things so as to hold the Congress Party in her small palm. She has a genius for blackmail and favoritism: her policy consists in patronage. In other words: if you wish to succeed, if you wish to stand as a candidate for instance, you must be on her side. You must beg her to do you a favor. She'll do it. Then she'll exact repayment: you find yourself her faithful slave, open to perpetual blackmail. Step by step, she has managed to reduce her party to an assembly of imbeciles without courage, like that Barodah who is now its chairman. Yes, the one who coined the slogan "Indira is India and India is Indira."

Q: Well, if a woman has managed all this, she is a genius. What else would you have told me, Mr. Desai, to put me on my guard?
A: That her intelligence is, to say the least, incomplete. Oh, in political intrigue she is indeed a genius. But in matters of government, in economics, she doesn't understand a thing. For one thing, because she lacks culture, learning. We mustn't forget she has studied but little and badly: Bhutto wasn't lying when he asserted that he didn't fear an intellectual confrontation with her, that at Oxford she had never managed to finish a course, sustain an examination or obtain a degree. Moreover, she is superficial. She merely repeats what she has heard said by others. Do you know how many times she has seized on things I had told her and trotted them out to me as her own inventions? Look: apart from intrigue, Mrs. Gandhi's only form of intelligence lies in the capacity to keep quiet when she doesn't know what to say. In that sense, she never exposes herself, she never puts her foot in it. At the most, she mutters something, assumes the airs of a sage unwilling to speak because she knows too much and manages things in such a way that you leave believing in her infinite wisdom.

Q: Kissinger, assuming that an opinion of his is worth anything, told me that a leader doesn't need intelligence. Strength and courage are enough.
A: Mrs. Gandhi's got courage, I'll say that for her. But it's a gambler's courage, not the cool and informed courage of someone who reasons and makes a choice in full awareness of the risk involved. She has strength too, but it is arrogance rather than true strength. Overbearing. Malice. Or ought I to say lack of respect for others? Even as a child she didn't respect anyone and gave way to hateful outbreaks of temper, with insults. You can't imagine how often I've heard her insult her father! Nasty, gross insults that used to leave him deflated. Nehru adored her and was too soft with her. As for her husband . . . Oh, not that her husband was any better than she. They deserved each other. But the way she treated him! One day he read a letter of hers. I mean a letter addressed to Indira. By mistake, I suppose. She gave way to such rage that she went upstairs and started throwing all his things, clothes, shoes, books, underwear, out of the window. Finally, throwing down his suitcases as well, she ordered him to leave. They were living in Nehru's house. The poor man had to go. Mrs. Gandhi managed to humiliate even Kissinger. When he came here she went out of town and made him wait two days before receiving him. This way, she showed her power and, at the same time, did the Soviet Union a favor.

Q: But I don't want to hear such things, Mr. Desai. In her private life Mrs. Gandhi has the right to do as she likes. Like a man.
A: A man or a woman in power has no right to do whatever he or she likes. The higher their position, the more necessary it is they be chaste and avoid scandal, gossip or immorality. And although I know every human being is imperfect, I conclude thus: Mrs. Gandhi really has too many imperfections. I, thanks to Mrs. Gandhi, have discovered that a woman is unsuited to head a government or rule a country. I say it with reluctance. I've fought so strenuously for women's rights. Well, I'm no longer so sure. Women's real privilege is to exploit the discrimination against them. To expolit it for the purpose of concealing their faults, which are the same as men's, and maybe worse. It is more difficult to get rid of a woman in power than a man in power. One is always restrained by the fear of offending her, of discriminating against her. Thus every charge smacks of insult and one ends up saying less than one wished. I swear I haven't told you a tenth of all there is to tell about Indira Gandhi.

Q: But one doesn't eliminate a leader merely on account of a bad disposition, Mr. Desai. Shall we list Indira Gandhi's real faults?
A: In nine years at the head of the government she's achieved nothing. Nothing except staying in power and consolidating it. After nine years, everyone's unhappy under Mrs. Gandhi. The poor and the peasantry, businessmen and manufacturers, army officers and civil servants. The only happy ones are those corrupt enough to profit from this situation, the rich who make out by financing the Congress party. And you know what makes her unpopular with the masses? The fact that she has made a mockery of what she promised: eliminating poverty. Instead, poverty has doubled: it has reverted to the point it stood at when the British left. In the last five years, the economic situation has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deteriorated to such a point that today's average income per capita is no higher than 300 rupees a year. [$35.40] At the same time, everything now costs three times more and . . .

Q: Prices have increased everywhere. Inflation is worldwide.
A: You repeat what Mrs. Gandhi says. You don't take into account the fact that elsewhere inflation hasn't reduced the standard of living, it hasn't caused starvation. It has caused only inconvenience. No comparison is possible between what has happened in India during the last five years and what has happened in the rest of the world. Here there's no rice, there's no wheat. Here, 61 percent of the population lives like animals. Here, when the word poverty is used, it means abject poverty. Until five years ago, a family used to buy at least 20 pounds of cereals a month at the government store. Now they buy no more than four or five pounds. I refer to those families with an income, of course. Because there are human beings, in India, who have no income whatever. There are human beings who never see a single rupee and feed on roots and grass, like horses. Have you ever seen a country with so many beggars, like India? And isn't the only way to fight poverty providing work? Even the worst dictator, in nine years, would have undertaken some public works to provide jobs. He would have sought some remedy. Instead, here one still hears talk of monsoons, pre-monsoons, post-monsoons. A season, that is, of rain and one of drought. When the monsoons come, all the water goes to waste because it isn't channelled: there are no dikes, there is no irrigation system. The water overflows, sweeps everything away, kills and then evaporates and people start to die of thirst once more.

Q: Is all this Indira Gandhi's fault?
A: No, but who, if not the leader of a country, is responsible for what isn't working properly? Who, if not the head of a government that has centralized everything? One can't move backward instead of forward! She's failed in everything, this lady; even in the birth control program. The population is increasing to the tune of 12 million a year; every month there are a million more of us. We're already nearly six hundred million. And you know why? Because the civil servants engaged in family planning are the most corrupt of all. They steal, deceive, draw up false reports. Millions and millions of rupees have been swallowed up in the birth control campaign. They go to a village, for instance, and perform vasectomies on old men instead of on the young ones who refuse them. Just so they can fill in their forms and show some operations have been performed.

Q: I repeat my last question: is it all Indira Gandhi's fault? Or isn't it rather the fault of your system, of your traditions, of your religious beliefs?
A: If you're interested in the truth, you mustn't start with the premise of her innocence. In Nehru's time too, those problems existed, yet Nehru did something. And he had to start from scratch. Don't forget that, in 1946, when the British left, India didn't produce so much as a pin. In 200 years, the British had managed to destroy everything, even the memory of a textile tradition that was among the first in the world. To destroy it, they had recourse to every means, including the one of cutting off the thumb of anyone caught spinning cotton on a handloom. We had to import it from them, to enrich their factories. We had to import everything: from fabrics to cement, to rails for our trains. But, step by step, we began to pick up, to produce cotton, silk and wool fabrics again. We built factories too and soon had the cement we needed and machinery we even managed to export. Mrs. Gandhi hasn't achieved even a quarter of what her father did under much worse conditions. And, worse still, she has spoiled even that little he achieved. Now we have to import everything once more. All we export is talent, because, as soon as anyone has any brains, he leaves the country. The only irrigated districts are the ones irrigated by Nehru, like Punjab. What I say is: if in her nine years in office she has been able to launch atomic research, all the more reason why she should have been able to get dikes built to avoid flooding, irrigation channels for the fields and factories to create jobs. I am aware that atomic research has to be carried on, but more necessary endeavor should also take place at the same time to provide urgent and more easily obtainable benefits. Otherwise, of what use is atomic research? Just a means to hoodwink those innocents who believe India is a modern country?

Q: India isn't an easy country to govern.
A: On the contrary: very easy. Much easier than any other country in the world. Because it's a country of weaklings, of meek people living in the shadow of fear. A fear we have carried with us for centuries, since the time of the Moslems and then of the British. Indians are so used to being ill-treated unless they obey, that they are ready to do everything they're ordered. And their rebellions are never violent. Believe me, had India been difficult to govern, Mrs. Gandhi wouldn't still be prime minister. And then, forgive me, in what sense do you say she has governed the country? Where are her measures, her reforms? She has nationalized banks, with the result they are ruined. She has carried out an agrarian reform consisting in expropriation from a few landlords, nothing more: those living on the land are exploited as before and expected to work with the methods of a thousand years ago. I was the first to nationalize anything in India: the bus services. That was a useful and necessary measure. But that lady's nationalizations have served only to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.

Q: There was a war during Mrs. Gandhi's regime.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A: Yes, the one with Pakistan on the lady's provocation. Willed by her. And how badly she behaved in that case too. She dispatched to East Pakistan thousands and thousands of Indian soldiers out of uniform, disguised as Mukhti Bahinis. Five thousand soldiers of ours died in that enterprise, between April and December of 1971. Nor has it ever been possible to admit, of course, that most of the Mukhti Bahinis were Indian soldiers. That's when the chief of staff went to Mrs. Gandhi and said: "This can't go on. It isn't permissible to let them die this way. You must either send them back to their barracks or let them engage in a proper war with Pakistan." And she gave the order to attack Pakistan on December 4. She came out all right in the eyes of the world because President Yahya Khan was a fool: The war that ruined us economically. A Pyrrhic victory.

Q: From the international viewpoint, Mrs. Gandhi has managed to maintain a measure of neutrality. One cannot say that her foreign policy has been disastrous.
A: No? Look what she did with Sikkim a few months ago, when she toppled its ruler and annexed it to India. What need had we to seize Sikkim, to commit such an abuse? Sikkim has never been part of India. It has always been under our protection, but independent. We had an agreement with Sikkim in virtue of which we were allowed to keep part of the Indian army there as a defense against possible Chinese attacks. Protecting Sikkim, we protected ourselves, since it seems obvious to me that one defends oneself better with the help of a bolster state. What have we gained by annexing it? That our frontiers with China are direct in that part, and any frontier dispute can lead to war. She understands nothing, this Mrs. Gandhi, and acts off the bat without asking anyone's advice. She's not a prime minister, she's an empress! But she never misses an opportunity to please the Soviets.

Q: That's what irks you most, isn't it?
A: It certainly doesn't make me happy. Our geo-strategical position is our only wealth: it should be exploited, without siding either with the Russians or with the Chinese. If that lady were clever, she wouldn't always play the Soviets' game: she'd realize the Soviets need India more than India needs the Soviets. Hers is an alignment policy in word alone, conditioned by her personal interests in domestic policy. How could Mrs. Gandhi be sure of counting on the support of the Indian Communist party unless she constantly played the Soviets' game? In India there's no room for communism, for a Communist revolution, a violent one, that is. To launch a violent revolution, one needs to be strong, and we're too exhausted. Starving. The Communists, in India, exist merely because Mrs. Gandhi has selected them as her partners: to obtain their votes. In Bengal too, it was she that encouraged them, years ago. Nowadays, in Bengal, she's having them arrested, because they have shown themselves to be not pro-Russian, but pro-Chinese and form an opposition.

Q: Mr. Desai, if you were to occupy Mrs. Gandhi's place you'd repudiate the treaty with the Soviet Union, wouldn't you?
A: I wouldn't even need to. All I'd have to do would be not to observe it anymore, let it become extinguished gradually without ever announcing its end. Noisy ruptures serve only to provoke resentment, quarrels. But you mustn't ask me things like that because, if you do, I'd answer frankly and get into trouble. One can't always tell the truth openly and what use is it to learn that I'd prefer not to have alliance with the Soviet Union?

Q: To demonstrate that one of the reasons, maybe the chief reason, for your hatred of Mrs. Gandhi arises from this theoretical leftist attitude of hers.
A: To side with the Soviet Union doesn't mean to be on the Left.

Q: I agree.
A: A leftist, Mrs. Gandhi? Oh, of course, she's always talking of socialism. But what has she ever done to claim the right to be considered a Socialist? Where is her socialism? In her nationalized banks? I don't believe in state ownership of all means of production, but neither does Mrs. Gandhi. She has more than once declared herself in favor of a mixed economy. Mrs. Gandhi declares herself a Socialist so as to be able to ally herself more easily with the Soviet Communist world—a world she doesn't believe in but which is indispensable if she is to remain in power. She would ally herself with anyone so as to remain in power. Maybe the Soviets nurture the illusion that she respects them and follows their advice. But she only uses them, nothing more.

Q: There remains the fact that you are considered a conservative, Mr. Desai, a great friend of the Americans, and that the opposition against Mrs. Gandhi is essentially a right wing, pro-American, opposition.
A: That's not true. The opposition also includes the Marxist Communists and the Maoist Communists, enemies of Moscow, and the Socialists of the Socialist party. Small parties, indeed, and of no great numerical importance, but not pro-American. As for my being a great friend of the Americans, I'll answer: I'm everybody's friend and nobody's. My only contacts with the Americans took place when I was finance minister and the government sent me to Washington. I once met Nixon in Delhi. It was when he came here before becoming President. I asked him to lunch and we talked. I found him a bit too crafty, a bit tricky. I didn't like him much. When I met him again, several months later, at Eisenhower's funeral, I thought him improved. But I soon had proof that he hadn't improved at all, that he would never improve, and I was very sorry to learn that he sang my praises to everyone. Besides, it's well-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known that all my sympathy was for John Kennedy. I'm not pro-American. I once told him quite clearly that if obtaining help from them meant lending ourselves to their games, I preferred not to be helped at all.

Q: But if you were to take Mrs. Gandhi's place, would you give them the Diego Garcia base?
A: No, indeed! Never! It's that lady who, on the quiet, seems determined to let them have it! But why does she want to involve the Americans in this internal crisis of India?

Q: Because I'm not at all sure it's just an internal crisis and nothing more. Because it's highly probable the CIA is behind the opposition. Because, after losing Southeast Asia, the Americans can't afford the luxury of an India so closely connected to the Soviet Union.
A: That's prejudice. Of course the CIA has agents here. So has the KGB. Of course they both try to fan the flames and are engaged in encouraging someone or other. But there's not much they can do, believe me, and I categorically exclude the notion that anyone in the oppositon is in CIA pay. Some have profferred this charge against Raj Narain: the Socialist candidate who launched the Allahabad trial against Mrs. Gandhi. I don't believe it even for half a minute. The poor man is always trying to borrow money: would he need to mortify his pride so if he were getting funds from the CIA? No, no. The opposition movement arose spontaneously and developed just as spontaneously. It started in Gujarat state where, at the beginning, civil servants roused the young to hold demonstrations serving internal claims of their own. But they lost control and the young rebelled against them. Theirs was a social revolt that fate involved in the trial against Mrs. Gandhi. There are no international connections. Neither the Americans nor the Chinese nor yet the Pakistanis are behind the movement, as Mrs. Gandhi insinuates when she refers to an external menace. Nor is there a conspiracy. Had that been the case, Mrs. Gandhi would already have furnished the proof: her police system works perfectly well and she'd have liked nothing better than to be able to brand us traitors in foreign pay.

Q: But if yours is a democratic opposition, why didn't you wait till Mrs. Gandhi's electoral mandate expired? Why didn't you attack her in the course of the normal election campaign due six months from now?
A: One must strike the iron while it's hot, and it's becoming increasingly difficult to defeat her in a general election. One can't compete with someone publicizing herself from such a position of power. Radio, for instance, is entirely in her hands. During an election campaign it should be available to all parties, but only she uses it freely, scandalously so. To travel to meetings, she uses helicopters, which enables her to speak at as many as 10 places the same day. With my battered old car I can't make it to more than three or four. At least a thousand policemen are there to assist her at every meeting, and she can summon a crowd from every state. Factory owners are compelled to close down, for two or three days sometimes, and allow their workers to depart aboard government buses. The workers have no objections, of course. They lose nothing since they are paid for the day and they enjoy a pleasant outing as an extra benefit. The last meeting Mrs. Gandhi held in Delhi took place in this fashion. It also required the presence of 60,000 policemen. This gives you an idea of what happens during a general election. Her meetings are floods of money and authority, ours are fraught with obstacles. To hold them, we have to ask for a hundred permits and listen to her reproaches for "creating disturbances." We couldn't afford to wait. People would have gotten tired. We had to attack at once.

Q: So you embarked on a hunger strike.
A: Not for that reason alone. I did it to start the battle I had been dreaming of ever since 1969. But when I was at death's door and they told her that my death would cause a bloodbath, Mrs. Gandhi took fright. So she held the advance election in Gujarat. What ruined her, however, wasn't that election defeat. It was the Allahabad court sentence. When a judge declares a citizen guilty of campaign irregularities during an election and he is disqualified from holding office and voting for a full six years, when the citizen is the prime minister, there is little left to be said. For four years, Mrs. Gandhi had managed to get the case remanded and avoid a trial. Three years ago, when it became obvious that the trial would be held nonetheless, she had recourse to something infamously incorrect: she replaced the chief justice. Ignoring all rules of precedence by age, she awarded the position to a younger man she trusted. Then she appointed a Communist devoted to her side to the post of minister of justice. If, during the appeal trial, the Supreme Court should reverse the Allahabad verdict, that shouldn't surprise us. But the Allahabad sentence will remain as an indelible black mark against her, and it is shameful that Mrs. Gandhi shouldn't have resigned.

Q: So what do you intend to do now? What's going to happen?
A: We intend to overthrow her, to force her to resign. For good. The lady won't survive this movement of ours. She won't be able to because it is on a national scale and includes all possible political trends, and even some members of her own party. Some ministers she got rid of because they demanded social reforms, for instance. We are strong, at last, and we've proclaimed a *Satyagra*. *Satyagra* means civil disobedience. It consists in ignoring every prohibition, every law, every arrest, every police attack. You stand there, the police charge into the crowd and beat you up and you don't react. You don't yield an inch. You don't need strength to do this, you don't need to eat. It was Mahatma Gandhi who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

launched the first *Satyagra:* against the British. With them, it worked. They were compelled to leave. She will be forced to go too. Thousands of us will surround her house to prevent her going out or receiving visitors. We'll camp there night and day shouting to her to resign. Even if the police arrest us, beat us up, slaughter us. How many can they slaughter? And what will they do with all the corpses? To prevent such action, Mrs. Gandhi has but one course open: to eliminate us all this very night.

Q: What if she should?
A: I don't believe she will. I exclude the possibility. To arrest the opposition would lead to too great a national and international scandal. She would reveal her true Mussolinian nature and she cares too much to appear formally democratic at least. Oh, no! It isn't possible. It would spell the end of democracy in India. She'd have to lose her mind to do something like that. She's very emotive, true . . . And when passion obscures intelligence . . . But, no. To arrest us all, she'd have to involve the army and that would feed the discontent prevailing among the younger officers. The army is too divided, she can trust only the chief of staff she has lately appointed. Maybe, in the early stages, the army would lend itself to playing the game, but it would soon rebel and establish a military dictatorship. Even an incomplete intelligence such as Mrs. Gandhi's should understand this fact. I prefer to believe that before committing such a monstrosity Mrs. Gandhi would commit suicide.

Q: But what if, instead of destroying herself, she decides to destroy you, the opposition?
A: All would be lost. For us, for her, for the country. It would mean a dictatorship. And one day the lady would bitterly regret it.

Q: Are you alluding to a current rumor, to the fact that someone might attempt to assassinate her?
A: It happens everywhere that some leader is assassinated. Wasn't Gandhi himself assassinated? I'm sure the thought occurs to some. In 1973, I was visited by a Sikh who said: "I feel old now. I'm 60. My life is behind me. I'd like to end it with something useful on behalf of my country. I'd like to kill that woman before she ruins India completely. But I need your permission because, after I've killed her, I want the right person to take her place." It took me hours to explain to him that I would never grant such a permission, that I would always reject such a solution, that I was opposed to violence and, consequently, to assassination. He kept on shaking his head and repeating: "Let me do it. Let me do it." I hope nobody ever does it. But if someone did, how could I prevent them?

© *Rizzoli Press Service-L'Europeo 1975*

V-J Day and Then . . .

The Postwar World

by John Lukacs

Thirty years ago this month the Second World War came to an end. It was all very different from the end of the First World War. In 1918 there was that precise moment at the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month when the irregular muted barking of the guns died away in an instant. Bugles were sounded, here and there. I remember from my childhood the picture in a magazine of a French corporal who had been *the* bugler on November 11, 1918. So this wrinkled Frenchman blew the First World War out! There was nothing like that in 1945, on V-J Day.

Journalists were jumping the gun, as they had done before V-E Day, as indeed they had done in November 1918. Then the light guns went on popping through the grey, wet mornings in Flanders, Artois, Champagne for another two or three days after the false flash. The armistice was in the air: but millions of weary soldiers in that weariest of world wars somehow could not believe it. In 1945 everybody believed it; everybody knew it in advance. At seven in the morning on August 10 the Tokyo radio announced that the Japanese were ready to accept the Potsdam Declaration, meaning the

John Lukacs is the author of *The Passing of the Modern Age* (Harper and Row) and the forthcoming book, *The Last European War* (Doubleday).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Allied proposal for Japan to surrender. From that moment on the surrender was a certainty, save for the formal announcement. Certain diehard officers of the Japanese army tried to block it. They did not have a chance. In any event the world did not know of the milling alarms around the imperial palace in Tokyo. Nearly five days passed, including a long weekend, with boredom creeping along its edges. At seven o'clock on a hot Washington evening, August 14, President Truman announced the Japanese surrender.

He was cautious: "the proclamation of V-J Day must wait upon the formal signing of the surrender terms by Japan." That made no difference any longer. For the American people the night of August 14 was it, with a littery spillover into the next day. There remains, of that night, the kaleidoscopic picture of a great democracy celebrating yet another of its great triumphs—the enormous crowd on Times Square; the pretty girls in the backs of convertibles, careening around the streets of small towns—a picture that by now is a period piece, from the first and confident half of the 20th century, an American period piece, from the American century. There was nothing like that in Europe where, after the end of the war against Germany, the end of the war against Japan was an anticlimax. There was a brief disorderly outburst of popular joy in the ruined streets and parks of London, not much in Paris or even in Moscow, among peoples for whom World War II was principally a European war, from beginning to end.

But in America, too, many people who remembered the end of World War I (and in 1945 they were the majority of the American population) felt, and on occasion said, that compared with V-J Day, Armistice Day in November 1918 had been more exuberant, more joyful. In 1918 crowds still shouted: "Hang the Kaiser!" In 1945 no one shouted "Hang Hirohito!" An effigy of Hirohito was hung on a lamppost on Hollywood Boulevard in Los Angeles, that citadel of unreality; nowhere else. Most Americans had more common sense in 1945 than in 1918—at least about "making the world safe for democracy." Their government, too, chose wisely to maintain the monarchy in Japan. (Had Wilson chosen to keep the monarchy in Germany in 1918, possibly by way of the Kaiser's constitutional abdication in favor of the Crown Prince, there would have been no Second World War, surely not in 1939, and Adolf Hitler might still be living today, say, a retired draftsman somewhere in Bavaria.)

In a typically American fashion, World War II ended with a bang and a prayer. The prayer was that American ideas would prevail in the world. As Harry Truman reminisced in his memoirs: "Peace and happiness for all countries were the goals toward which we would work and for which we had fought. No nation in the history of the world had taken such a position in complete victory. No nation with the military power of the United States of America had been so generous to its enemies and so helpful to its friends. Maybe the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount could be put into effect."

The bang was the atom bomb. The news of its explosion over Hiroshima reached Truman in the wardroom of the cruiser *Augusta* as he was steaming homeward from the Potsdam Conference. He convoked the officers and the crew: "This is the greatest thing in history," he said. (At least Truman did not say what Nixon said when the astronauts had landed on the moon: "the greatest event since Creation," promptly putting Jesus Christ in his place.) Truman was wrong nonetheless. Far from being the greatest thing in history, the effect of the atom bomb during the next 30 years was minimal. For the first four years of the so-called Atomic Age the United States had a monopoly of the atom bomb. This did not change the course of events a whit, since the United States had not the slightest inclination to use the atom bomb in order to rectify the division of Europe or to save China from communism. In the short run, too, the atom bomb mattered less than people then thought or still think. For one thing the firebombing of Tokyo in March 1945 killed more people than the two atom bombs cast on Hiroshima and Nagasaki together. For another the Japanese had been ready to negotiate some kind of an honorable surrender months before Hiroshima. As Stalin, usually (though not always) the master realist, put it to Harriman on August 9: "He thought the Japanese were looking for a pretext to set up a government that would surrender and he thought that the atomic bomb might give this pretext."

He was entirely right. Still the dropping of such a bomb was a monstrous event. Oddly enough the Japanese did not particularly resent the Americans for it (or, indeed, for anything). Americans feared that on landing in Japan they would be confronted by a grim and hostile people, reduced to daggers. Instead, the Japanese, deeply impressed with American power, smiled and bowed. Years later many Japanese were perplexed, rather than impressed, with the American and European breast-beating over the atom bomb. *Hiroshima Mon Amour* was a French film, not a Japanese one.

The American occupation of Japan was a success in more than one way. Gen. MacArthur's image fitted the psychic vacuum perfectly: a square peg in a square hole. There was another event, a Presidential decision taken on the day after the formal Japanese surrender, that has not received the attention it deserved, even though it determined the course of Far Eastern history for the next 30 years. This was President Truman's determination to keep the Russians out of Japan. The day after the Japanese surrender Stalin sent a message to Truman, proposing that the northern half of Hokkaido, one of the four principal islands comprising Japan, be occupied by Soviet forces. Stalin's language is worth reprodu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cing: "This proposal has a special meaning for the Russian public opinion. As it is known the Japanese in 1919-1921 held under occupation of their troops the whole Soviet Far East. The Russian public opinion would be seriously offended if the Russian troops would not have an occupation region in some part of the Japanese proper territory. I greatly wish that my modest suggestion as stated above would not meet any objections." Truman's answer was precise and definite: No dice. Here was an interesting situation: Stalin the modest petitioner, Stalin the injured party. It was all very different from the way things were developing, and would develop further, in Europe. It was also very different from the situation of but a few weeks before, when all kinds of top Americans (including later rabid anti-communists, such as MacArthur) were fretting and fussing and hoping that the Soviets would declare war on Japan on the side of their American ally (which they did). In any event the Russians were kept out of Japan, which was surely a good thing, at least for a long time. (Here is an intriguing thought: had the occupation of Japan been divided between Americans and Russians, the Japanese might not have become the third greatest industrial power in the world.)

In the Far East, as also in Europe, the wartime enemies of the United States fared better than some of its allies. This proved to be all right in the case of Germany, for, unlike after World War I, after World War II the Germans have been unable to play one of the victors against the other. Many people in 1945 believed and feared that Germany would rise again. No one believed that Japan would again become a great power. She was physically devastated, deprived of her outlying possessions, with nearly 100 million people crammed together on four small islands. What followed went not only against the political projections of 1945; it went against the projections of the demographers and the population explosion experts—without the slightest effect on their reputations, of course. Fifteen years after the war Japan was the most powerful Far Eastern nation—which is where the United States had come in.

A few days before the surrender of Japan Churchill was voted out of office by the British people; Roosevelt and Mussolini and Hitler were dead; Attlee and Truman presided over the termination of the war. Less than eight years later both were out of office; Stalin, too, was dead. Emperor Hirohito lived on. Thirty years later he is still the Emperor of Japan. By V-J Day Truman was well aware of some of the dangers that the Russians represented, though perhaps not exactly what they were up to. Still the American government refused to admit its developing confrontation with Russia for another two years. This gradual turning away from the wartime Soviet-American alliance to the peacetime Soviet-American cold war is a story by itself, having attracted the so-called revisionist historians who in writing about this period said many things that were both new and true. Unfortunately for their works, what was new in them was not true and what was true was not new. These historians misread the casting of the plot from the start. As late as in 1945 the principal opponents were Russia and Britain, not yet Russia and the United States. In 1945 the ruling American ideological conception was in accord with this. In 1945 most Americans saw their great republic situated somewhere in the middle of the historical and ideological scale, between the good old but outdated roast beef Old Tory imperialism of Churchill's England and the rough but in many ways admirable pioneer Communism of Stalin's Russia. This was Roosevelt's view; and it carried over into the Truman era for awhile. This view was also shared, albeit for different reasons, by such Republicans as Herbert Hoover, Robert Taft and Douglas MacArthur, each of whom mistrusted the British in 1945 as much as he distrusted the Russians. Again things did not turn out that way. Two years after 1945 the United States became the protagonist of anti-communism.

Thereafter it was the British, including Churchill, who tried to mediate between the United States and the Soviet Union, almost always in vain. By that time most people thought that there were but two great political forces left in the world: communism and capitalism, the first embodied by the Soviet Union, the second by the United States. Instead the principal political force in the world after 1945 turned out to be what it was before: nationalism, with ever newer variants.

The year 1945 was not the beginning of one world, nor the beginning of a brave new one. In some ways 1945 was reminiscent of 1815, the end of World War II resembling in some ways the end of the Napoleonic Wars. In 1945 as well as 1815 a great maritime power turned out to be the principal architect of victory. In 1945 as well as in 1815 this great maritime power could contain the Russians on two continents while it could or would do little to force them to disgorge what they had already gobbled up. In 1945 as well as in 1815 the great maritime power was the richest country in the world, with entire governments depending on its financial assistance. In 1815 the great maritime power was England; in 1945 it was the United States. The years 1815 in England and 1945 in the United States

COMING: reports from
John Osborne with Ford
in Europe, and
Tad Szulc from Portugal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were followed by a domestic conservative reaction. Eventually the English would make their most famous general (Wellington) prime minister, and the Americans would make their most famous general (Eisenhower) President.

There, however, the parallel ends. The Pax Britannica of the 19th century was one thing; the Pax Americana of the 20th century quite another. The latter spread wider than the former; it has also been more popular with the peoples of the world. The British empire grew up without a plan and without an ideology. The American empire grew up without a plan but with an ideology. To make the world safe for democracy: that Wilsonian slogan is, after all, not very different from the belief that what is good for America is good for the world. In 1956, a decade or so after the end of World War II and halfway through the cold war, Section Nine of the platform of the Republican Party called for "the establishment of American bases strategically dispersed all around the world"—a statement completely overlooked by the press and by the commentators who persisted in referring to the Republicans as "isolationists." By 1970 Richard Nixon would often cite Woodrow Wilson with admiration, his press secretary informed the world that while this President did not sleep in Lincoln's bed he preferred to use Wilson's desk.

For a half-century, from Wilson to Nixon, the evolution of the world consisted largely of its americanization. This had little to do with the power of Wall Street or of the Pentagon. It had much to do with the attractions of Hollywood. Long before World War II there were millions of people who knew the names of American film stars while they knew not the name of their own prime minister. Neither the allies nor the opponents of the United States were impervious to this kind of americanization. Hitler and Goebbels were admirers of American films, of American football rallies, of American picture magazines; one of their few enduring achievements was the building of superhighways. Even before 1945 Japan had become the most americanized country in Asia. Of all foreign peoples Americans were most popular with the population of the Soviet Union in 1945; so they are in 1975. The year 1945 was a milestone along this panamerican evolution that's been transforming much of the world.

But evolution is one thing; history is another. The first is largely predictable; the second is hardly predictable at all. Take, for example, the increasing impotence of technology. In 1945 it was not only predictable, it was predicted that sooner or later the Russians would have an atom bomb; it was not predicted that this would have little or no effect on the relations of the superpowers. In 1945 British scientists predicted that their nation would be able to produce an atom bomb, and probably a hydrogen bomb, too, within a decade. They did not predict that after these achievements the decline of British power would be even more precipitous than before. In 1945 it was predicted that the population of China would soon reach 650 or 700 million; what was not predicted was that by the 1960s the very existence of a Communist China would threaten neither Japan nor the United States but principally the Soviet Union. In 1945 it was predictable that within 15 years the United States and the Soviet Union would possess weapons that could destroy the entire world, bombs a thousand times more powerful than the Hiroshima and Nagasaki type. What was not predictable was that by 1960 the United States would have to tolerate a Communist dictatorship in Cuba or that the Soviet Union would have to tolerate a good deal of independent recalcitrance on the part of Communist governments in the Balkans.

In two world wars, twice during the first half of this century the United States intervened to help the British and the French against the domination of Europe by Germany. We still live with the consequences of these momentous interventions. In the Far East the pattern has been more complex and far less predictable. The alliances were often reversed. During this century the United States found itself to be friendly with Japan, opposing Russia; defending China; allied with Russia against Japan; allied with Japan against Russia and China, until now, at the end of the third quarter of the century, the United States is trying to maintain friendly relations with China and Japan and Russia. How long will this last? We do not know.

What the Japanese (and also many other nations) learned after World War II was that mass prosperity was preferable to national self-assertion, indeed, that it was a form of national self-assertion—the practical philosophy that made the United States an economic and a political giant among the peoples of the world. Less than 20 years after the war a thus americanized Japan became an economic giant while remaining a political pygmy. By and large so is she today. Will this satisfy the spirit of her people for long? We may doubt it; but, then, we do not know.

There is no place for humor in evolution. History, on the other hand, is full of irony. The greatest hope of well-meaning people 30 years ago, the United Nations, turned out to be the greatest failure and the biggest bore. Of all empires in the world the Soviet Union turned out to possess the greatest degree of stability. No capital city had been destroyed in 1945 like Tokyo; eventually Tokyo became the largest city in the world. One of the key obstacles that led to the complete breakdown of American negotiations with Japan before Pearl Harbor was the then Japanese presence in Indochina. Twenty-five years later the American people would have been only too glad to finance the Japanese to replace their sons and husbands in Indochina. The favorite honeymoon place for masses of Japanese newlyweds in the 1970s has been Hawaii, including a tour of Pearl Harbor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Tears of Thee

When I was a beginning schoolboy and first heard the first line of "America"—"My country, 'tis of thee"—I thought that the third word was "tears" and sang it so for a couple of years until I saw it in print and learned what "'tis" means. Now I'm not so sure I wasn't right the first time. It's not just that there are plenty of tearful American troubles but that, almost since "America" was written, those troubles have been to some extent the concern of American artists. Vernon L. Parrington sketches the history of this concern in the last volume of *Main Currents in American Thought* and notes that it swelled around 1875. "After 100 years to have come to such heroes [as Fisk and Gould and Boss Tweed], to have bogged down in such filth, was an outcome to the great experiment that one could not contemplate with pride." Well, folks, it's now just 100 years since *then*.

Through our century, changes occurred in this social concern of artists. It not only increased and became angrier, it also became almost a hallmark of authenticity. Put reductively, one could say that the serious artist was identified by his degree of social criticism. There are exceptions, but it's come to be thought that the artist—particularly any kind of writer—who works within American society as it is, accepting it without complaint, lacks something. Whitman heard America singing; this century has heard it grunting. (Robert Lowell: "A savage servility/slides by on grease.")

American film-making came very late to social criticism. Certainly there have been some films from the beginning that criticized (Griffith's *Song of the Shirt* was made in 1908), but the whole weight of Hollywood, when that term could be used accurately, was against uncomfortable fact and on the side of the myths of status quo. Preponderantly the social comment in American films was in what was revealed despite themselves and through what they chose to fantasize about.

In the last decade, especially since the turning-point of *The Graduate*, this preponderance has changed. The mode in American films (using mode in two senses) has become much like that of American writing. Now you are virtually asked to judge an American film's seriousness by the extent to which it criticizes American life. And, obviously, this eagerness to say a cinematic "no" to America's "yes" reflects a conviction on the part of producers/financiers that audiences now want to see and hear that "no." *Badlands, Carnal Knowledge, Chinatown, Day of the Locust, Easy Rider, Five Easy Pieces, French Connection I*, both *Godfather* films, *The Last Picture Show, Little Murders, Payday, Serpico, Shampoo, The Sugarland Express*—these are just some of the pictures of recent years that, with varying quality and varying success, delivered a critique of American society. The monster success in this vein is *Nashville* which is bringing its comments on pop art and pop politics and pop mentality to many more people than *Gentleman's Agreement* brought the subject of anti-Semitism 28 years ago, though at not much greater depth.

American self-criticism in films is "in." It's been "in" for some time in lightweight fiction, having been aped from better fiction: millions have read about the questionable morality of advertising people and bankers and suburbanites and themselves, then put the books down to go on with their lives as before. (These books were usually softened in their film transcriptions.) Now the action is in film. Social comment has become another genre, like Westerns or musicals. Never has a country had so much criticism of itself in its arts to, apparently, so little effect.

I'm hardly calling for a moratorium on social criticism in films, but I do think we ought to look at two matters. Is a film just riding the bandwagon, trying to get credit for seriousness by what are now the most accessible and glib means? Or, if it convinces of its sincerity, does it add anything to its subject in depth or breadth or is it merely barreling along on well-traveled roads? *Smile* (United Artists), a new film about a beauty contest gets by on the first matter but fails on the second. The film-makers seem not to have understood that the very TV broadcasts of beauty contests—especially Miss America with Bert Parks—are so self-satirical that for the audience who will see *Smile*, the picture is largely repetitious. And the script by Jerry Belson aggravates matters by heading straight for every Sinclair Lewis point of 50 years ago: the big-booster salesman; the prettified inhuman wife with her prettified inhuman home; the husband she has driven to drink. Every character, every subject that is satirized is familiar at first sight but they go on giving us lots more sights of it.

Thirty-three California high school girls are brought together in a town to compete for the title of that state's Young American Miss, and no inanity in the inane enterprise escapes some sort of sledgehammer characterization or explication: the talent competition (one girl's talent is how to pack a suitcase) or the homage to home and mother and the flag, at the same time that what the sponsors and the girls are really peddling is untouched and untouchable ass. The host mother, like a teacher at an airline stewardess school, constantly enjoins them, with an iron smile, to smile.

There are two partial exceptions to the predictability of the satire. One of the contestants is Chicano (Maria O'-Brien), and the script, cutting against conventional liberal bias, makes her the one bitch. And when another of the girls (Joan Prather) is being questioned by the judges before the contest and is expected to give greeting-card responses, we see her being corrupted. Her impulse is to give straightforward sensible answers, but we see her succumbing to contest fever and serving the judges the marshmallow that they want.

The "sincerity" of *Smile* comes, not from its generally trite script but from the way it is made. Michael Ritchie, who directed (he made *The Candidate*), has more sharpness in his field than Belson has in his. Some of Ritchie's touches are heavy: lingering on a mechanical song-

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Love and Death. Woody Allen *v.* Napoleon in Russia. War and pieces. Sometimes strained, still Allen's best.

Monty Python and the Holy Grail. King Arthur crowned—with night soil and just about everything else. English lunacy, likable, sometimes laughable.

Nashville. Country music as US societal locus. Huge, smooth, generally entertaining comment, but more size than weight.

The Passenger. It's still necessary to see any Antonioni film. That's all.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Letter 2

by Frank Kermode

Neither General Amin nor the foreign bankers can prevent the English, when the sun shines, from lapsing toward a biennial hedonistic stupor, though far beneath it, in the mines of the national psyche, that senile beast the old work-ethic may occasionally be heard to mumble a feeble threat. At the beginning of June it snowed, but then began the warm fresh days, and after three or four of them everybody arrived, by a simultaneous intuition, at the conclusion that we were having one of our rare summers. On June 22 the *Sunday Times* descended the mineshaft and recorded the grumbling of the beast. Lotus Eaters, it called us: "The high summer sunshine of 1975," it groaned, "induced in the British people a fatal indolence . . . Through the summer haze dim shapes could be perceived, but they were quaint, unreal, abstract. Two million unemployed next year? Not me, surely. Prices up by half? That must mean more lovely green stuff to pay them. . . ."

Without having eaten much lotus, and without giving up work, I feel a touch of indolence myself. London is less crowded than usual at this season, and theaters are easy to get into, but the temptation to leave early is stronger than usual. An American friend, staying here a week, walked out of Frayn's *Alphabetical Order*, Stoppard's *Travesties* and the Nederlands Dans Theater on three straight evenings. On the last occasion I left with him, guilty at having tempted him to waste an evening. A few years ago this company was marvelously original and erotic; but now all is constrained and banal—like poems written, as my Balanchinian friend complained, by men with a vocabulary of 400 words. He put it down to the destructive effect of doctrinaire women's lib.

Fortunately I did not take him to Covent Garden for the show opera of the moment, *Die Frau ohen Schatten*, though I doubt if he would have approved its ideological implications, which are that women aren't really human unless having babies. Conducted by Solti, who was greeted by an understandably nostalgic roar, the huge orchestra was practically wrapped around the stalls, and at the climaxes the sound was dizzyingly beautiful; Joseph Swoboda's sets were pretty and inventive, but in the end this is a sick, silly and overlength work, away from which, had I been a truly indolent hedonist, I should have walked.

The National Opera, which I plugged so hard last time, has gone off on one of its interminable tours (I do see that this is the kind of remark that makes provincials furious with Londoners) and their house ought to be occupied by the Royal Ballet. But a stagehands' strike has driven the ballet into a large marquee in Battersea Park, just across the street from where I now sit unindolently writing. When the snow had stopped they began to make hay; there are acoustic problems, but the dancers like their novel situation, and local residents prefer the ballet to the clapped-out funfair which now stands still and empty for the first time in 24 years; we now await the further satisfaction of its final removal.

Elsewhere the Old Vic is still running its triple repertory of *Happy Days*, virtually an unmatchable solo by Peggy Ashcroft; *Heartbreak House*, very well played and looking to be, as many think it, Shaw's best; and *John Gabriel Borkman*, which is, on the evidence of this production, Ibsen's worst, Ralph Richardson notwithstanding; impatient Americans, like my friend, should stay away. There is a lot of Shakespeare: the new *Henry IV* and *Henry V* at Stratford, a Schofield *Tempest*, an *As You Like It* and a *Merry Wives;* and Charles Marowitz's *Measure for Measure*, in which, by a brilliant stroke of modernity, Isabella consents to sleep with Angelo, just as she did in the original play from which Shakespeare borrowed his plot. Candor permits me to endorse none of these revivals. There are a good many musicals, the best being the one about the Beatles, *John, Paul, George, Ringo . . . and Bert*. They also include the "transexual" *Rocky Horror Show*, *Godspell* and, for the oldies, *West Side Story* and *Harvey*. Since you can also take in Robert Patrick's *Kennedy's Children*, one play by Pinero, two by Joe Orton, and *four* by the overrated Alan Ayckbourn, it can't be said there's nowhere to go; but just now you might want to weigh against such attractions the pleasures of protracted summer twilight in St. James' Park, of indolence matched only by that of the overfed ducks on the lake.

So much for those who may be considering a trip, risking the fares and the hotel prices. My main assignment, as promised in my last letter, is with writing in this post-Referendum, pre-salvation England. It is, of course, in bad shape. It would probably be fruitless, even if I had the space, to comment on individual cases; so I confine myself to some of the social and economic reasons for our literary poverty.

Britain spends less on books than any other developed Western country, if you work out the figures in terms of the proportion of GNP and disposable personal income used for the purpose, a sum UNESCO did a few years ago. The reason for this is not that the British read less, but that they are unaccustomed to paying for the privilege. Public library loans run at over 600 million, compared with 450 million in the US, which has four times the population. France, with about the same population, borrows only 45 million. In 1965 Americans bought 14 books per household per year, and borrowed 13; the British bought four and borrowed 38; the French figures are 10 and one. So the British are relatively heavy readers but light payers.

The implications of this situation for authors are evident enough; a copy of a book bought by a public library and read by hundreds of people is, so far as royalties go, but one copy. Consequently the 30,000 and more books we publish annually are mostly by hungry writers. How hungry it is hard to say, but a Society of Authors survey three years ago showed that 67 percent of its membership earned less than £1000 a year from books. The public libraries have their roots in Victorian civic pride and benevolence, but they have greatly expanded their services since 1920, when 10 books were bought for every one borrowed; now it is one for 10. So there is an obvious conflict of interest between the librarians and the writers.

Publishers, willy-nilly the second great enemy of the less-than-profitable author, have their own problems. In particular the sales of fiction have declined to a really alarming extent (I know some figures but can't quote them without breach of confidence) and the cost of new fiction has to be such that few except librarians can afford it. Publishing a first novel is coming to represent the kind of risk formerly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

associated with a first book of poems. And if a first book is not published (or not reviewed, another large problem I haven't space for) a talent may be killed in the egg. Arts council grants to writers do a little to help, but are not given to first books.

So it is not surprising that over the years authors have been casting covetous looks at the public libraries. What *is* surprising is that they should, in the past three years, have formed themselves into an effective lobby and done something about it. The Writers' Action Group (WAG) is an intelligent, stylish and, short of final success, extremely effective organization; that it is all these things explains why more and more British writers are aware of the debt they owe to Brigid Brophy and Maureen Duffy, the two unflaggingly resourceful and high-spirited colleagues who run WAG. Since I believe its activities are of more than merely local importance and interest I shall devote the rest of my space to saying something of the history, methods and aims of this unprecedented action group.

Is a book more like a car than a symphony, or vice versa? If I own a car I can charge a borrower for its use without paying a royalty to its manufacturer. If I perform a symphony by a composer who is either alive or has died within 50 years of the date of the performance, I must pay him his cut. WAG wants writers to be treated like composers. The idea is not of course new; payments to authors, based on library stock sampling, were instituted in Denmark in 1946. In 1951 John Brophy, Brigid's father, campaigned for what is now regarded as a primitive system, the payment by borrowers of a penny a loan ("the Brophy penny"). In 1955 the Swedes brought in a scheme, centrally funded, which made payments on the basis of random sampling of loans, and decreed that "lending right" is vested in the author and his heirs during the period of copyright.

The present movement in Britain got under way in 1967, with a scheme based on the assumption that there was no way of accurately sampling loans. The mind boggles at the time it takes to get anything done when government departments and conflicting interests have to be consulted. I had a small part in the early negotiations, and saw how formidable, how reactionary by instinct and expensive education, top civil servants can be—to say nothing of the blind and mostly irrational opposition of the public librarians. These were the days of the first minister for the arts we ever had, Jennie Lee; a wonderful, tough, jolly woman, as everybody says, but still a little careful with librarians and civil servants. When the Labour administration lost the election of 1970, her Tory successor, prompted by we know whom, set up a working party to look at the whole thing again from scratch. This body recommended that libraries should pay something extra for each book at the time of purchase, and that the proceeds should go 75 percent to the author, 25 percent to the publisher. It was an unsatisfactory report, though publishers naturally welcomed it; and in the fall of 1972 the anxious and the dissident were provided, by Brophy and Duffy, with WAG, which has transformed the entire situation.

WAG wants central funding and payment per loan on all in-copyright books. The scheme outlined above, they argue (I ought, as a committed supporter, to write "we") would simply cause librarians to economize by buying fewer books, and also deprive authors who are no longer writing of the fruits of their labors. As to the 1967 scheme, they see why loans sampling was rejected then; but now, they argue, and they can prove it, there exists automatic-capture apparatus which make sampling very sophisticated and accurate. The Tory minister nevertheless rejected it, on the advice of his civil servants; but he accepted central funding. In fact he shortly experienced a conversion, and announced in February 1974 that he accepted sampling also; but at that very moment the Heath administration fell, and the civil servants at once denied that the retired minister had done anything of the kind; they also pushed the new Labour minister back a few years, and caused him to institute yet another inquiry into the rival merits of purchase- and sampling-payments.

Such political tergiversation might have shaken lesser men, but Brophy and Duffy persisted, and had quite soon got an undertaking of action by the end of 1974. But what with another general election, and the tactics of the men at the ministry (Fabian only in this, *qui cunctando restituunt rem*) this promise was not kept. Meanwhile Holland, New Zealand and West Germany introduced more or less similar schemes; in Canada a campaign was under way; and in the US a bill sponsored by Ogden Reid got stuck in Washington committees. On St. George's day and Shakespeare's birthday WAG organized a demonstration at once good-tempered and formidable, and skillfully developed their campaign inside Parliament. We are now to have enabling legislation towards the end of 1975. Or so they say. But it will come; and that one has the confidence, after eight years of disappointment, to say so, is a remarkable tribute to the organizers of WAG and their allies in both Houses of Parliament.

Objections are still raised, notably by librarians; they are founded on ignorance of the technologies involved, ignorance of the limited possibilities and inferior equity of other methods of paying authors; and above all, professional inertia. One objection, that the scheme will make a few fatcat authors fatter, is met by the establishment of a maximum take from the fund; but the whole thing is not an exercise in charity; it is simply a plan to hand over to authors what they actually earn, just as if they were ordinary people. If anybody wants to finance a minor poet at the expense of Graham Greene it is not WAG. Nor, in terms of modern public expenditure, are we asking for much money, just a few million pieces of the lovely green stuff, and not a penny of it spent without the sacred sanction of the computer. If some authors find themselves delightedly rising above the poverty level it will not be because someone has handed them a dole, but because they are at last being paid what is owed them.

The effect of all this on the entire book business is incalculable, but it will certainly go beyond the alleviation of the individual author's financial burden. I have been associated with several schemes for improving conditions in the "industry," and this is incomparably the best. For there is surely no doubt that benefits of this kind are in every way superior to state handouts, or even to the creation of subsidized book clubs, of which we have one or two. The new legislation, when we get it, will go some way to restoring the confidence of the whole profession and of publishers too, though under the WAG scheme they get no direct benefit from the payments for loans.

Given that the situation is so bad this help may prove to be vital. Sales, as I mentioned, continue to fall; it is sometimes argued that the downturn began 50 or even 60 years ago, but the curve is now steeper. And whatever happens it is unlikely that writing will become a career you would advise your children to choose, unless they are apt to put a higher value on job satisfaction than on making a decent wage. But something can be done, and Brigid Brophy and Maureen Duffy seem to be doing it. No

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one will be surprised to note that they are writers—not publishers, librarians or public-spirited members of the middle classes, but writers. If salvation is to be had, writers must achieve it by their own good works. For although there might be little public demur to, say, the proposition that writers ought to be paid at least half as much as the compositors who set their books in type, nobody is actually going to hand them a couple of thousand pounds a year to bring this about. They must be allowed to *earn* it. And that is why I take the activities of WAG as prefiguring a new conception of the role of the writer in the peculiar economic and cultural conditions of our present society.

Frank Kermode is Regius professor of English literature at Cambridge University, editor of Viking's Modern Masters series and author of *The Classics* to be published by Viking this fall.

Mass Appeal

Bette Midler

It was clear from the beginning that Midler's show was a specialized event for a specialized audience. By the time it closed, its very specialness—its remarkable dependence on an audience which would have to be almost scholarly in its appreciation of the conventions of popular song and entertainment—had become for Midler a barely tolerable burden. It seemed literally to weigh on the shoulders of a star who had by then despaired of having a crowd who could share with her the knowledge that she was up to subtleties worth the trouble. The *cognoscenti*, always in a minority even in the first weeks, had left her to the mass of eager illiterates. By the fifth week she was delivering a fair number of her songs and lines facing only her cast—the three funny and outrageous Harlettes, Lionel Hampton and his jazz orchestra, a score of black singers—and with her back to the audience. In the last three weeks she became rather desperately condescending, blatantly signaling her parodistic intentions.

The very title of the show should have been a clue to inherent contradictions. *Clams on the Half Shell* was only in part a justification for the exuberant fun of her entrance—she was hauled on stage by some minstrel show dockside darkies, in a clam shell which was then opened to reveal her, arms raised triumphantly, her beautiful skin and breasts straining against the flouncy, chic but tattered streetwalker's dress; her smile, big-toothed and gleaming radiantly, sweetly expectant, confident of the energies behind it, obviously hopeful, and therefore a little poignant, about any answerable energies in the audience she is about to confront. "With no one to deride me," as she will later phrase it in what can be called her theme song, "Friends." The title of the show justified a kind of concoction by the set designer, but to some who would know, "clams on the half shell" alludes to jazz musicians' slang—"clams" means wrong notes. We were looking at a romp, but we were also listening to a parody, and if the show was in some respects a direct appeal to turn on sentimentally, as in "Hello In There," or sensually, as in the great opening song written by her friend Elton John, "The Bitch is Back," it was also full of indirections, hints, modulations and allusions contrived to redirect our responses, and sensitize them by satire and stylized teasing. As the weeks went on and the hints got lost or went stale because so few of them got picked up, Midler became parodistic about the show itself. One night the clam was opened and, to the genuine dismay of the cast, Midler was missing, until she came crawling on in its wake, spouting water.

Midler's parodistic predelictions shouldn't be mistaken, as they almost invariably are—for camp. Behind them is a vulnerability that is the reverse of camp; many of her jokes derive from earlier sentiments that are nearly embarrassing in their self-exposure. It is this quality that softens her toughness. She has been completely open, as only a strong and loving person can be, to the half trashy, half beautiful, and always totemized world of the recent past that seems to include everyone's teens, whether of the '40s, '50s, '60s—or '70s. She gives people the courage of their nostalgias because she seems herself to have been afraid of nothing that has ever touched her. More often than not her spoofing is a form of exuberant exorcism, as of that New Jersey group of the '60s, The Shangri Las. Doing their famous "The Leader of the Pack" on her first album, she renders all the parts of an utterly shameless dialogue about high school love to the sound of revved up motorcycles, the girls' voice very Monroeish, redolent of the physical and psychic pain of virginities lost, and well lost, only the night before. "Hey, Jay, is that Jimmy's ring you're wearing?" "Uh, huh." "Oh, it must be nice driving on that motorcycle after school, huh." "Uh, huh." Trash. No doubt about it. So are parts of the revue, like the Harlettes' "toilet medley," delivered as from Midler's own Hawaii high school—"picture if you will three algebra majors in the ladies' room at Commonawanalaya High School." Trash—but, as Midler knows and feels, also endearing—and, also, a kind of neglected history, the history of American adolescent consciousness available mostly only in song, the bitter versions of which cascade out of Dylan's early work. It is Midler's special appeal and inimitable strength of personality that she can let herself satirize *and* be moved by what most of us want only to leave behind.

Her whole stance is therefore precarious, at once proud and self-deprecating, sad and zany, and it calls for the subtlest kinds of response. Unlike Lionel Hampton, with whom she shares the second half of the revue, she can't be sure of a well-managed evening. She worries about and comments anew on every song every night, while his commentaries are the result only of predictable extemporizations. His work on piano, drums, vibraphone is superb, but it's precisely to the point that his performance over the 10 weeks never could be less than efficient and polished.

Midler by contrast is all agitation, her control the more exciting for her flirtations with chaos, her momentary lapses the result not of carelessness but of a deeper caring for her own honesties of

WRITERS WHY WAIT?
PUBLISH YOUR BOOK IN 90 DAYS
. . . and get expert editing, design, manufacture, publicity, promotion and advertising—all under one roof at low costs. Two **free books** and literature give details and success stories. Write or call Dept. 107
EXPOSITION PRESS, INC.
900 So. Oyster Bay Rd., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801
(516) 822-5700

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mood. She asks you to worry about her; she also asks you to worry about yourself and your adequacies in relation to what she has to offer—it's in some degree a sexual proposition—and some nights some of the audience was up to it. Her energies are awesome, persistent, making you wonder if she'll be carried off by them, until you notice underneath the expenditures of energy a strange kind of monitoring going on, a kind of resentment even at having to put out so much for an audience only sporadically up to the mark. Built into the show from the moment she begins to speak is a degree of impatience, coarsely expressed but fine-tempered nonetheless—"shut up," she tells the Harlettes in the first number; "you shut up too," she tells the orchestra. "I wanna talk to my friends," looking past the front rows toward the balcony. But a half hour later she's after the audience as well—or rather the square majority who laughs as if she's succeeded in *being* what she's instead trying to satirize. Suddenly a wonderful Carmen Miranda—Martha Raye smirk, then a gloriously loud Long Island nasality: "Harry, did she really *say* that? Did she say what I *thought* she said? I don't *get* it"—pronounced "gedded." Pause. "And the reason you don't get it . . ." Pause again. And if the audience doesn't laugh at the innuendo, she'll then clarify it for them in a tone contemptuous enough to be an accusation, "is because you don't get it." Whether she could leave the sequence in the middle was always a barometer of how much she had come to trust or like a given audience and usually a sign of whether her energies would begin to flag. From that point her vulnerabilities could induce not only admiration but pathos.

Her direct appeal to and dependence on the audience is in no sense merely sentimental, a call for support, or the corny sharing (really the cheap pretense of sharing) of inner joys and sufferings that sullied the brilliance of Judy Garland and Edith Piaf. Rather what Midler wants to say to the audience is that she too is in a critical relationship to her material and her performance. She is inviting us to participate in her art more than in her feelings. Throughout she signals her intention to do the unexpected because she wants to break out of situations framed by producers, directors, other performers and certain recalcitrant elements in the audience. She invites us into a kind of complicity with her *against* the revue as a prepared and rehearsed occasion. Part of the feeling that Midler has an excess of life is a result of her success in making us feel she is one of us but more—a person able to be simultaneously star and witness.

If there had to be a single word to describe Midler it would be the word "haunted." She has the vocal resources to sing in the style of any woman vocalist of the past 30 years, and many of them can be heard at one moment or another in her performance or her recordings. In "Drinking Again" there are echoes of Dinah Washington, not the genteel Washington who did the song, but the later, more bluesy and raspy one; in a song like "Breaking Up Somebody's Home" there's a lot of Joplin, but Joplin surpassed by the wonderful mellowness Midler brings to the hectoring, driving, sassy sounds; there's a bit learned from the jazz singing of Sarah Vaughan and much more from Billie Holliday especially in Midler's vast improvement of the classic Lambert, Hendricks and Ross rendition of the song "Twisted."

Midler doesn't imitate or parody a specific singer through an entire song, however. Rather, like a person truly haunted, Midler in the phrasing of a song will suddenly veer off from one coloration into another. It sometimes happens with an air of true discovery. As with most great jazz singers, she therefore never does a song exactly the same way twice. The avenue of experimentation is always left open. There are little bits of Martha Raye in the "I love, I love/I love, I love" sequence of "Back in the Bars Again," or of Monroe, when Midler announces "a toilet medley" for the Harlettes, who then proceed into '50s songs touching everyone from The Chiffons to Sam Cook to the ubiquitous do-ron-ron sounds of the period. Then a switch to the Andrews Sisters and the '40s, a straight and lovely "Sentimental Journey." The evocations needn't always be of women, and in some of the louder pieces, like "The Bitch is Back" she will momentarily slip into Dylan's rapid, snarling, sputtering of words, each precisely articulated. Many times there's a slightly preoccupied air about her, part, again, of her being outside and inside the show all at once, but part, too, of her being the kind of performer who is all the while inquiring into the historical resonances of what she's doing at the moment.

The performance of Bette Midler and its extraordinary fluctuations brings up a central problem which has always beset high arts but which has only recently been confronted by the popular ones. What are the uses, misuses and dangers of nostalgic evocation, especially when the material for nostalgia is sometimes only a few years old? Midler's nostalgic predelictions are part of a trend in popular entertainment, but compared to the nostalgia of a group like The Manhattan Transfer, her expression of it is unparalleled in critical awareness. The degree to which such a great performer responds to the pressures of repetition is a measure, I suspect, of the fact that popular culture cannot really feed on itself the way high culture has conspicuously been able to do—as witness the pastiche of a Joyce, an Eliot, a Pynchon—without getting thinner as a result. And without losing an audience who finally is as dense about pop as about high culture who cannot feel its historical as distinct from its merely campy significances.

Midler's nostalgic strain is more original, culturally suggestive and powerfully entertaining than anything similar now going on in the theater. She includes the kind of nostalgia familiar enough in pop entertainment—like the emulative allusions to Billie Holiday's latter-day jazz style in "We'll Be Together Again," along with vocal glances at Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong; or the put-downs of Helen Reddy in Midler's version of "Delta Dawn." But her nostalgia moves beyond imitation. More important and with little precedent except in the work of certain rock groups like the Beatles, are the amalgamated allusions to a number of different singers and musical styles that can occur in a single number, as in "Back in the Bars Again" at the end of the first half of the revue. The setting, a drab, unhappy, anonymously located bar, finds Midler standing there like an eager single on her one night off, looking into a jukebox—"Oh, what a hot box." In tones of sweet but deadly enthusiasm she mulls over her choices, talking as if to herself about the list of attractions: Jerry Vale (who did "Shadow of your Smile"), Dominico Modugno (who inflicted "Volare" on the Western world for more of the '50s than one wants to remember), Wayne Newton (the chubby hermaphroditically voiced singer of those country-western songs for which Midler has a particular loathing), Tammy Wynette (another country-western singer known especially for "Stand By Your Man"). "You do that, Tammy," says the disingenuous Midler. Here, as throughout the show, her detestation for the mediocre in pop culture, including a more recent example like Olivia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Newton-John, is surpassed only by her beautifully rendered affections, however teasing at times, of the likes of Fanny Brice or Martha Raye, or again and always (probably because she is finding her way, I suspect, toward being a very great jazz singer herself), Billie Holiday.

Midler is a pop artist whose whole tendency is classical. She is classical because while a song like "Hello in There" brings tears down her face, most of what she does is not a direct expression of personal feeling. Rather it is meant to reveal her place in a tradition about which she is fully, critically, impersonally aware. The evolution of the classical tendency and of impersonality in popular music generally is as yet an uninvestigated phenomenon. It's mostly lost on an audience, high or low, which hasn't learned how to listen to what Midler's really doing. Her kind of compacted, accelerated commentaries on other performers and on certain kinds of musical style began, I think, in the mid-'60s, and had a corollary development in Ronald Tavel's *Theater of the Ridiculous*. Such developments were direct results of there being a new kind of minority (because expert) audience for film and especially for popular music. Thanks to the enlarged capacities for electronic recording, there began to be a developed taste for the overlappings of stylized sound, the kind of thing one can hear on certain cuts of the Beatles' *Magical Mystery Tour*, like "All You Need Is Love," which passes from the French National Anthem, through an echo of Charlie Chaplin, then through sounds of the blues and boogie-woogie, until at the end the song seems to be swept up and dispersed in the musical history of which it is a part and in the electronics by which that history has been made available—at the end we hear what can only be the sounds of a radio at night, fading and drifting among the signals of different stations.

Midler is remarkable because all by herself she can make her voice the locus for the pop music of the last three or four decades. With her voice she does what certain writers have attempted on paper—Ginsberg and Burroughs, for example, with their experiments in cutting out passages from different places and randomly assembling them into collages of meaning, or Mailer, who offers in *Why Are We in Vietnam?* passages meant to duplicate electrified disc jockey talk, a jigsaw of various American speech styles and of the social portraiture that goes with them, or Gore Vidal with his cinematic collages in *Myra Breckenridge*, or Pynchon, who has the capacity in one sentence to dislocate us from a mood appropriate to, say, Capt. Marvel into another more appropriate in elegy for lost American signs and signatures. All of these writers, except Vidal, are finally quixotically patriotic—and so is Midler; they are haunted, as she is, by the overwhelming and grotesque admixtures of American objects, American sounds, swamped by nostalgia for so many things that they can't neatly sort them out.

What this means is that a revue like Midler's—including massive stage machineries of such American artifacts as jukeboxes and a huge plastic figure of King Kong on his skyscraper, holding Midler in his paw—is given less to comments on life, though there is an abundance of these, than to comments on styles of life, styles which have manifested (and often cheapened) the life of ordinary people who grew up since World War II. Style is to the fore, and whether the media really are the message, Midler's message is about media. It is a brilliant, precarious, and necessarily flawed expression of a relatively new but general self-consciousness about the objects of pop culture, and especially about the way these have possessed our imaginations all the more for being wholly commercialized, mostly electronic, and therefore extraordinarily ephemeral. We get nostalgic about things very recent simply because they get so quickly snatched from us and replaced by something new. At one moment, both funny and sad, as the songs in "Back in the Bars Again" race by her, Midler can be heard shouting in mock adolescent anguish, as if to stop the process of accelerated loss, as if to preclude the nostalgia creeping over her—"that's my fay-vor-rit pah't." A lot of feeling is stored up in the stuff of pop culture, as in the toys of childhood, and all the more in America because only American youth have been able to afford the machines which are the instruments by which much of the stuff can even come into existence as sight or sound. What old tattered photographs were to earlier generations, recordings and film—neither old nor tattered—are to present ones. That is why Midler's particular way of expressing nostalgia needs to be taken as seriously, as studiously as some of the other literary manifestations I've mentioned, though this does *not* mean that we need to think of it as equivalently good or satisfying.

And why not? Because the vogue of nostalgia in the popular arts is the result less of the inherent strengths of old materials, old songs and artifacts, than of the technologies of commercial entertainment. The persistent fame of certain old stars like Mae West or W.C. Fields is a result of the stubborn memory and taste of people who are more disposed to higher rather than to pop culture. But the fantastic restitution to popularity of many others, including some of those parodied by Midler, is the result of the need continually to drag up from the bottom whatever might even possibly be resold. A lot of such junk is in

EDMUND WILSON

"One of the most important literary undertakings conceivable in our time."
—JOHN W. ALDRIDGE, Saturday Review

"The publishing coup of the seventies."
—GEORGE COHEN, Chicago Tribune Book World

THE TWENTIES

$10, now at your bookstore

FARRAR STRAUS GIROUX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Midler's show and she knows it. She also knows that it ceases to be interesting after the first time it's heard, if it's interesting even then, and begins after that either to bore and sicken in her performance or to force her into even more blatant expressions of self-consciousness which cater only to that part of the audience who "don't get it." After all only certain highly intelligent people have taken advantage of the great change by which anyone coming to consciousness after 1950 (like Midler herself) could become scholars, so to speak, of everything from Bogart to Baby Snooks. TV and hi-fi became, for the aficionadoes of low or pop culture, the equivalent of the Oxford Book of English Verse for high. A fact of enormous consequence and a dividing line in the history of culture high and low occurred when it was possible for kids, or anyone, to sit at home and create a medley of sights and sounds, splicing together whatever one chose from whatever year or decade.

Technology, that is, did for low or mass or pop culture what Pound and Eliot and Joyce did for high. It made of it what Eliot calls "a simultaneous order," the very thing one hears in Midler's songs. It's easy to be misunderstood in these matters by high cultural illiterates, so let it be said carefully. To wit: structurally (not in quality, not in so-called contributions to Western culture, not in what it does to the traditions of art) but structurally, there is no difference between the juxtapositions of style in sections of "The Waste Land" and the juxtapositions that occur in sections of *Clams on the Half Shell*. "Did he really *say* that?" Yes, but not to claim that Midler is T.S. Eliot. Rather to say that by her achievement she lets us see wherein pop and high culture in this century now partake of the same characteristics, especially when it comes to nostalgic allusiveness. And having said that, and found reasons for it in the technology of mass commercialized media, we can then see why, when carried out by someone as special as Bette Midler, the enterprise of pop culture can be so difficult to sustain, so nervous, so easily demoralized.

Unlike the nostalgic materials brought forth in "The Waste Land," those in pop culture are seldom as deeply rooted in the human imagination, in the myths which have possessed it for centuries. Instead, the materials of pop culture are intricately subservient to a form of commercialism which is intent on built-in obsolescence. That is the special burden which Midler faces every night and which most of her audience is unable to share with her. They really "don't get it." But how could they be expected to? The very resources of pop culture explored and exploited by Midler were created, after all, by a technology which at the same time habituates all of us to inattention. It teaches us to say "hello" to old people, old things, but not to say, as this altogether admirable lady asks us to, "hello in there."

Richard Poirier

Richard Poirier is professor of English at Rutgers.

The Sharing of Land and Resources In America

Peter Barnes' six-part series on the distribution of land and wealth in America is now available as a 64-page booklet. Price [including postage and handling]:

1-10 — $2 per copy
11-50 — $1.50
over 50 — $1

Address orders to

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 19th St., NW
Washington, DC 20036
prepaid orders only
D. C. residents add 5% tax

Mass Hysteria

The Rebellious Century, 1830-1930 by Charles Tilly, Louise Tilly, Richard Tilly

(Harvard University Press, $15.00)

The history of crowd action and mass violence has flourished in recent years. Study was prompted on one hand by the felt need to gain perspective on the upheavals of the '60s. Further stimulus sprang from the craft itself, as historians widened their focus from formal institutions to spontaneous modes of public participation in community life. The present book is one of the many products of this historical innovating, but one distinguished by its effort to study collective action on a comparative basis.

The Rebellious Century is a collective study of collective violence in France, Germany and Italy. Charles Tilly, whose work on French protest brings together sociology and history, teaches at the University of Michigan. In his significant earlier study of the counterrevolution of the 1790s in the French Vendée, Tilly sought to show that less ideological or religious commitment than moderni-

zation and the interpenetration of town and country distinguished those areas of the province which accepted the revolution from those that resisted in a romantic and tenacious guerrilla. His wife and present coauthor specializes in Italian history at Michigan State University, and his brother, the third member of the team, teaches German economic and social history at the University of Münster. Acknowledged in the preface are at least some of the cohort of students who spent the thousands of necessary hours classifying newspaper accounts of strikes, riots and demonstrations. As the authors would no doubt admit, the computer analysis of anonymous participants involves a long drudgery in which a few hundred pages of print-out and a final manuscript rest on the pinnacle of much humble labor. History viewed from the bottom up is still credited from the top down.

The authors correlate against politica

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and economic background developments the indices of mass action in which violence resulted. When did clashes occur? How long were they? How many participated? The century-long record of conflicts the Tillys establish represents a major and useful feat of synthesis. Their principal argument is likewise important and, I believe, largely valid. They reject those theorists ranging from Durkheim to recent students of American turmoil, who offer a "breakdown" theory of social order according to which the complexity of modern societies overwhelm their less-favored classes, reduce them to an economic and psychic marginality, shatter their expectation of opportunity and ultimately kindle a revolt of frustration.

In the place of breakdown theories, the Tillys argue that collective violence reflects a more purposeful group contention for power. In their discussion of the rationality of mass action, its origins, targeting and goals, the authors follow the work of recent historians of crowds. They object to the term, however, that Eric Hobsbawm has popularized, "pre-political" behavior; for they think that even in primitive form such collective violence has contested the distribution of power and has thus been political. Here they may cavil unnecessarily: by pre-political Hobsbawm presumably meant to suggest the absence of pressure groups and established channels for representation. In any case, we can usefully call Tilly's demonstrations para-political: that is, expressions of a group's search for power when rulers seek to suppress old rights or when institutions process new claims too slowly.

Secondly, the authors offer a scheme for the evolution of collective action. In a primitive phase, most prevalent before the evolution of effective central power, civil disorder and violence arose out of clashes between traditional rival groups, much like the Pope's Day brawling of South End and North End Bostonians or of rival work forces—a competition over "turf" now carried on by urban adolescents or occasional labor union jurisdictional struggles. Displacing this almost picturesque feuding, a "reactive" violence emerged in which provincials resisted the tax and administrative incursions of the modernizing state in the 18th and 19th centuries by attacking its customs men or conscription agents. Charles Tilly's own Vendée, the resistance in the Italian South to the Piedmontese administration—as earlier, the Stamp Act riots in this country—fall into that pattern. Finally the Tillys discern a third form of "proactive" collective behavior in which groups claim new rights or power within the modern state apparatus that now rules supreme. Modern labor agitation and some ethnic or racial disorders embody this latest para-political challenge to those established groups who share in the state's allocation of power and privilege. Proactive struggles indicate that we have arrived at modernity.

These three stages of protest are subdivided again into forms of crowd action differentiated according to their scope and procedure. These subordinate divisions cannot be fully explicated here, but in any case they seem less clearly articulated and convincing. Indeed the whole typology of collective action must remain problematic: the line between reactive and proactive is not fixed: a

LET THE NEW REPUBLIC BLAZE THE TRAIL—

If you are a teacher of government, literature, international relations, history or economics, we recommend *The New Republic* for use in your classroom. Special classroom rates for bulk orders of 10 or more copies are as follows: *Each student's copy costs only 19 cents weekly if 10 or more are mailed to a single address. Free desk copies are included for each instructor.*

Orders may be placed for any number of weeks, for one week only, or for the entire school year. You will receive your copies before they appear on the newsstand—insurance that the contents are fresh and exciting.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
An Independent Journal of Opinion
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

Please enter this CLASSROOM ORDER.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State** ..... **Zip** .....

Number of copies weekly .....

Number of free copies needed for Instructor .....

Starting date .....

Termination date .....

Signature .....

☐ **Payment enclosed** ☐ **Bill me**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revolutionary situation is revolutionary precisely because what commences as a "reactive" protest against some geographically or socially remote authority becomes a demand to reconstitute power. The American and the French revolutions began with almost parochial resistance to monarchical rationalization but swiftly progressed to make fundamental assertions about civic participation.

There is a further difficulty with the Tillys' categories, not so much in themselves (for at least they summon us to offer better classification if we reject them), but in terms of this particular book. Tilly's typology is imposed on the discussion of French events and in the comparisons made at the end. It does not equally guide the coauthors' contributions on Germany and Italy. They follow the historic rhythms of their own countries of study, and their case studies are less well yoked to the overall explanatory scheme. Only in one important negation do the authors converge. They all insist that industrialization, economic development and the growth of cities cannot be easily correlated with levels of mass violence. Each dismisses the appealing but simplistic linking of violence and urban life, although the pitchforks of German peasants in 1525 and the widespread jacqueries of the next century should have effectively spiked that spurious bucolic before it established itself as conventional wisdom. City living and industrialization are important not in decreeing the prevalence of violence, the authors stress, but in shaping the forms of collective action in general, in having the trade union replace the guild and the political party discipline the clandestine brotherhood.

These are important and useful refinements, but do they require the elaborate apparatus of the book? Each of the case studies, moreover, tends to wander from a focus on collective violence to provide potted histories of political and economic development in its respective country. Ultimately all this is brought to bear to demonstrate that collective violence is not easily related to socio-economic factors. The prosecution lavishes attention on ropes, daggers and poison before revealing the lethal bullet holes.

The fuzziness of focus, though, indicates the deeper ambiguity of the book. Each author is obligated to measure collective violence even though each one's real subject is collective action in general, or at best extra-legal action. Louise Tilly confesses that the land occupations around Rome, important though they were, do not meet the criteria because they did not result in bloodshed. Violence after all depends upon resistance to collective action; and resistance can be adventitious and contingent. If resistance follows from deliberate state policy or is the normal recourse of the powerful, then the intensity of violent conflict does instruct us about institutional development in general. But if mass resistance is kindled by a chance shot, then violence may become a red herring for the historian, though not for the social psychologist. Because the authors understand this, they really want to discuss collective action and not merely that collective action that culminates in violence. Thus Charles Tilly's quantitative history, *Strikes in France, 1830-1968* (coauthored with Edward Shorter and published by Cambridge University Press in 1974) is a more satisfying and fruitful enterprise.

Why then study violent clashes in themselves? Perhaps because they are picturesque and topical. But even granted the utility of a study of violence alone, certain difficulties arise. Let us accept the authors' exclusion of war and genocide as irrelevant to the protests that are the concern here. Still, the relatively chance violence that arises when police and demonstrators clash must be discriminated from the purposeful cudgeling and shooting of a latent civil war, as in Paris in 1871, Italy before fascism, or Germany from 1930 to 1933. Since the book's focus wanders from violence per se, the process of polarization remains unilluminated. Nevertheless a comparative history of how civic order breaks down in different societies is certainly worth doing.

At the end, however, the authors confess their own difficulty most clearly: "Although the study of violence itself is not a particularly important pursuit," they admit, "it leads easily and profitably to an understanding of collective action. That *is* an important pursuit." Violence, they say in a final image, is like the slag of iron-smelting. Find the slag and learn about the smelting and the iron. But treatises on slag form a roundabout introduction to metallurgy.

Charles S. Maier

Charles Maier is the author of *Recasting Bourgeois Europe* (Princeton University Press).

A City In Terror by Francis Russell

(Viking; $10.00)

The year 1919 was one of those years that seemed to sum up most of the political developments of the previous two decades, besides suggesting a good deal of what was to come in the years to follow. It was the year of the Black-sox scandal, the ratification of Prohibition, the League of Nations debate, the rebirth of the Klan, the Chicago race riots, at least 70 lynchings and the Red scare. The fear of Bolshevism came on top of a series of strikes that stunned American businessmen, and the more cynical among them got the inspired if crude idea that every sign of labor militancy was an attempt to "Sovietize" the US, a popular phrase that became a successful propaganda tool.

And if the year seems a distillation of the era, the strike in September by Boston's police force can stand as a symbol of the year itself. In *A City In Terror: 1919—The Boston Police Strike*, Francis Russell, whose father was a volunteer policeman during the debacle, has written a fascinating study of one of the strangest episodes in American labor history. It was a strike that cost most of the men their jobs, threw Boston into chaos, intrigued the nation for a week and performed the unlikely public relations task of turning Calvin Coolidge, then governor of Massachusetts, into a national hero.

Boston's police force dated from colonial times, and by the late 19th century had evolved along the lines that would characterize it up until the day of the strike. It developed as a paramilitary system, similar to other large American cities, and had its share of graft and violence. When in 1885 the Irish-American Democratic machine succeeded in electing its first mayor, Hugh O'Brien, the Republican yankees in the state legislature reacted by taking control of the force away from the city authorities, giving the governor the power to appoint the city's police commission and leaving Boston's politicians the unlikely duty of providing the finances while the state retained political control. The post of commissioner replaced the multi-member commission early in the century, and in 1906 was filled by Stephen O'Meara, a retired newspaper editor, who succeeded over the next dozen years in making the police department one of the outstanding law enforcement systems in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country. O'Meara did this through the complete elimination of patronage, relying on a strict merit system that caused the Boston pols to abdicate whatever financial responsibility they had felt toward Boston's policemen. By the time of O'Meara's death in 1918 the curious division of political control and financing had left the Boston police working an incredible 75 to 90 hours a week, receiving one day off in every 15, and having to ask permission to leave Boston's city limits even on their free time—for a salary that averaged a little over $1000 a year.

The policemen's social club was quickly transformed into a bargaining organization, and the following year they were able to get a $200 a year raise. At the same time the American Federation of Labor had passed a resolution offering charters to police unions, and the leaders of the new union decided to affiliate with the AFL. O'Meara's replacement as commissioner was Edwin Curtis, a frustrated yankee politician, who reacted to the AFL affiliation by suspending 19 of the union leaders and threatening to discipline anyone who followed their lead. On September 9, 1919 over a thousand of the police went on strike (about 75 percent of the total force) and over the next two days Boston experienced a social upheavel unparalled in previous American urban history. Entire sections of the city were left defenseless, and roving mobs terrorized the inhabitants; by Thursday the state guard, called in by Coolidge, had control of the city, but not before several deaths, two days of looting and arson, public rapes and thousands of dollars in vandalism had devastated Boston.

Russell's account of the strike is both fascinating and important because he perceives the series of interconnected political trends, in Boston and throughout the nation, that caused the strike. Two developments, the rising militancy of labor and the Red scare, came face-on during the strike, and the latter, represented by the dour Coolidge and his supporters in the press, was triumphant. Throughout *City In Terror* Russell emphasizes the true character of the strike—an attempt by ordinary working men, working on the basis of non-ideological assumptions of human decency, to combat highly ideological American conservatives who had no sense of decency but did understand the fears of many Americans. Reading Russell's book is a shock even to those familiar with the excesses of the post-World War Red scare. In editorial after editorial the police were denounced as Bolsheviks intent on "Sovietizing" the nation, and for the most part the nation accepted the verdict of the press. The Boston police had struck over the right to AFL affiliation (in some ways far more radical a demand at the time than financial issues), and the AFL eventually deserted the strikers. This was the gross irony that finally confronted the police union's leadership. They had peacefully pressured the city into giving them a raise, eventually going on strike over the larger issue of AFL affiliation with the full backing of Boston's other union leaders, who gave constant assurance that a general strike would paralyze Boston if the striker's demands were not met within a reasonable length of time. But while Coolidge, reinforced by Massachusetts business interests, was willing to risk political disaster and face the threat of a general strike, the city and national AFL leaders were simply unwilling to face Coolidge. With every day they stalled the striking policeman Coolidge's popularity increased, and soon they had lost their chance. The rioting had ended two days after the start of the strike, and a general strike, while closing down Boston, would actually have been far more peaceful than the initial walkout. It would have been a disastrous situation for Coolidge and the Republicans. Having lost their target of an isolated group of public servants intent on "terrorizing" the city, they would have faced a far more powerful and popular opponent.

Within a week Commissioner Curtis had fired every striker. Coolidge was a national figure because of his apparent resolution in the face of anarachy, and the AFL had lost a valuable opportunity to support not only a particular group of workers but to raise the larger issue of public employee rights.

Coolidge emerges as the villain from Russell's account of the strike, but the AFL's tragic failure is also emphasized; for Coolidge, having cast himself in a particular role, played it to the hilt, while the AFL failed to play any decisive part at either the local or national level. Russell's book is a social history, and more specifically an unforgettable lesson in the machinations of big-city and state politics. Above all it is a genuinely moving account of a group of American workers who tried unsuccessfully to achieve a small degree of industrial democracy, something they had mistakenly assumed would be recognized by the public as the right of every American worker.

Lawrence Dugan

Laurence Dugan recently organized substitute teachers in Philadelphia.

The Back of the Book

Give Us a Hand

Everything is right about the choice of *The Skin of Our Teeth* as the first play in the Kennedy Center's "American Bicentennial Theater" series, in spite of the fact that the choice was partly based on the availability of certain actors and that it has been praised in the press for the wrong reasons. Those reasons are that the play's optimism is "singularly fitting for troubled times" (*The Washington Post*) because it displays "the endless tapestry of history" (*The New York Times*). Richard Coe of the *Post* even suggested that since Hubert Humphrey and Frank Church, "explicit believers in Wilder's philosophy" were stirred by opening night, that the country might be in for a reinvigoration of politics. The picture is Humphrey and Church doing a cake-walk up the aisles, shouting tunes from the show.

That, too, would have been right, even though there are no tunes from the show (unless you count the murmurings of "Tenting Tonight" and "Jingle Bells"). Had Wilder thought of it, the third act could happily have closed with two confused US senators leading a mob of Washington suburbanites in a combination lynching and bond drive, while a local drama critic functioning as the stage manager of *Our Town*, declares it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good for "troubled times." Wilder even might have written in a part for another commentator who thinks that *The Skin of Our Teeth* has nothing to do with optimism, troubled times, or the tapestry of history, thereby exercising his finest gift, which is also what the play *is* about: the celebration of self-consciousness.

The Skin of Our Teeth is a musical comedy, without either. Like most of Wilder's work it is written to be played by high school juniors emerging from the relentless hysteria of their sophomore year into the suicidal notions of the senior. It is meant to be watched by parents who delight in nothing as much as in-jokes and audience participation. Here the in-jokes are textbook references to Moses and Aristotle, and the audience participation is effected by Lily Sabina, the maid-cum-beauty queen, complaining that she can neither stand nor understand the play; by the stage manager pleading with her to continue; and by a dress rehearsal of the third act to begin the third act.

These things are inspired on Wilder's part: the existence of the gimmicks more than their contents. Wilder said of drama generally that "it is addressed to the group mind," which in our case he recognized as the embarrassed mind, the mind in perpetual adolescence. What better theater can we have, then, but the embarrassed play, where the democratic performers awkward in their distance from the audience, bridge the gap by means of direct appeal? Aware of the potential sense of conspicuousness in a theater, Wilder exaggerated that sense, making his players at once show off and apologize for doing so, which captures half of the audience in commiseration. The other half is won by explosions of passion in place of character building, so that great feelings are given their due, like spot commercials, without involving us in the machinery of a whole human heart.

This saves time—watching actors cavort only on the peaks of emotion—but something must happen in the time saved. In *The Skin of Our Teeth* the something is the act of waiting—a fanatic eagerness created by the self-consciousness of the play itself, for one terrific funny line, which never comes. If the play did not have its deliberate high school mentality, such waiting would be intolerable. But here it is like waiting for the entrance of your neighbor's boy, hilarious by its own nature, and intense as Coleridge waiting for the sunrise.

The pleasure of waiting for that one joke is only topped by the ecstasy of waiting for final wisdom. Wilder knew this too: that the very sight of bingo parlors and beauty queens flicks on in our minds very serious lights. The huge fortune teller of act two, made up like the mechanical carnival gypsies in glass booths, saunters to the apron of the stage and tells us that nothing is easier than predicting the future: "but who can tell your past,—eh? Your youth,—where did it go? It slipped away while you weren't looking. . . . What did it mean?" That's the stuff; just enough of the symbols of philosophy to keep us content. Add that we know this, that the invocation of lost youth, no matter the context, will always trigger a collective privacy of feeling at once painful and socially acceptable, and we have Wilder's genius at a glance.

Whether that genius is optimism is something else. Surely man's survival through ice, flood and fire is a happy thought—not a delerious one if we consider the frequency of the tests—but optimistic enough. Yet *The Skin of Our Teeth* is not about survival; it is a play about an audience looking at a play about survival. An audience that is not only easily pleased by the dog's bells of thought and feeling, but that would have it no other way for fear of losing itself in an experience from which it could not simultaneously sit apart. *The Skin of Our Teeth* is not merely a two-way performance for the playwright or actors, but for us; we *want* them to talk to us.

If this be optimism (as Patrick Henry might have said in act four), give me Philadelphia. The fact that a successful play can be built on the premise that American audiences will never be as interested in any passion as much as an awareness of themselves is nothing to dance about. This idea, I believe, is the real brilliance of Wilder's work—not the Joycean touches (which are more Flann O'Brien than Joyce), and not the intentionally understretched cleverness.

Yet the play is more, not less moving, because of its self-consciousness. Done well, as it is done now with extraordinary intelligence by Elizabeth Ashley, Alfred Drake and Martha Scott, *The Skin of Our Teeth* can still thump a chest with lines such as: "too many people have suffered and died for my children for us to start reneging now"; and "I shall continue fighting you until my last breath as long as you mix up your idea of liberty with your idea of hogging everything for yourself." The lines themselves are not stirring in a comedy, but the beautifully pathetic fact that we repeat them so often so earnestly in front of each other—the great national wish said aloud, fingers crossed, knock wood—that is moving beyond tears.

The theater where *The Skin of Our Teeth* has opened is named after Eisenhower, and the arts center after Kennedy. The play moves from the brinks of death by ice to death by fire. Now we are in our Bicentennial celebration. Everything is right. Self-conscious we arrived, self-conscious we persevere, continuously playing to the audience that because it consists solely of ourselves, brings down the house.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence

On "Redlining"

To the editors:

The New Republic is to be congratulated for the excellent lead editorial on "redlining" (*TNR*, June 21), which focuses attention on an issue of great concern to cities. The inaccessibility of credit in a neighborhood perceived by a lending institution as economically marginal becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy, for unwillingness to process loans exacerbates economic conditions and dooms these neighborhoods to accelerating decline.

Denying worthy applicants credit because they choose to live in the "wrong" part of town marks the end of the neighborhood: property values plummet; homeowners' equity is destroyed and community vitality is crushed. Ironically, undermining these neighborhoods is done under the guise of "prudent financial practice," as neighborhoods are redlined because the lenders, trying to protect their deposits, often forget about their depositors.

The city of Boston, recognizing that homeownership is vital to Boston and credit is vital to homeownership, has inaugurated a new anti-redlining program designed to curb discriminatory lending and expand credit availability. Among many components are provisions which pledge to use city savings to augment by 50 percent neighborhood mortgage pools developed by community groups, a promise to deposit city funds in lending institutions that devel-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

op neighborhood lending packages, as well as an offer of city assistance for those individuals and lending institutions who seek to develop innovative financing mechanisms. Our feeling is simply that the city of Boston should do all it can to ease lenders' concern about urban investment and insure the availability of credit for all bankable applicants.

The recently completed session of the US Conference of Mayors in Boston included as part of its policy a strong resolution condemning discriminatory lending and encouraging disclosure of lenders' deposit and investment activity. Such disclosure will assist cities such as Boston in discovering which banks are redlining and which areas need help. The adoption of this resolution by the US Conference of Mayors testifies to the importance of the issue and its rising national attention.

Kevin H. White
Mayor of Boston

Roger Rosen Blatt Regrets

To the editors:

I was startled to see, in Roger Rosenblatt's beautifully rendered miniature of his father ("The Back of the Book," *TNR*, July 19), a reference to Vito Marcantonio as "Mark Antonio." How appalling that such an error could slip into *The New Republic*—of all publications—only 20 years after the death of the most effective and, once, most notorious radical ever to serve in the House of Representatives! I hope not to find "Mick Govern" mentioned in passing your magazine 20 years hence.

Leslie Meredith

Personality Plus

To the editors:

Roger Rosenblatt's introductory piece was superb, the review of Walker Percy was also superb, the piece on Ruffian showed that TNR has its eyes on more than just Washington officialdom, and overall I thought the whole issue was very impressive and definitely better than the magazine I used to see two years ago. There's some fine writing in it. Some of the titles were wonderful, too, like "Even Educated Fleas Do It." One title like that lets a reader know that the people who put out the magazine have personality.

Michael Aron
Wraparound Editor
Harper's Magazine

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

bird in a stuffy home or a whiskey-dispenser that is a statue of a little boy who pees. Mostly he directs with a firm, fast hand and gets better all the time. I hope his script sense catches up with his other abilities, that he'll stop equating satire and disgust absolutely with freedom and achievement.

Conrad Hall, a first-class cinematographer (*Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*), renders a plastic world, happily colored with nonpoisonous vegetable dyes. Bruce Dern as the Rotarian booster gives a non-cliche performance in a familiar role; he convinces us that his selling is based on the fact that he sold himself first and clings to his slogans like a Catholic convert to Rome. In quiet implicative ways it's the best work of his I've seen, much better than what he did in *The Great Gatsby*. Michael Kidd, the well-known choreographer (*Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*) plays a director hired to stage the pageant, and does it with that old heart-of-gold toughness, but he does it takingly.

All this good work is expended on a script that only makes us say, "Yes, but I knew that." I'm one of many who have been waiting for the day when American films would directly and pointedly reflect American life and, in some ways at least, that day is here. But liberation itself is not enough. After the first tingle at hearing an obscene word come from a screen—a *screen!*—some purposeful use of the obscenity was needed, very fast. As in other fields, cultural and political, the question is: After freedom, what? *Smile*, for all its skills in execution, is really a new kind of middle-of-the-road film, playing it newly safe, plump in the middle of widely accepted social criticism. *The Candidate* burned deeper into Mad-Ave politicking than *Smile* does into Chamber of Commerce pimping.

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER
Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

The Classifieds

Personals

FLIGHT INFLATION ELEGANTLY - Gold-plated toothpaste tube miser, $1.50; 2/$2.75. Wry Idea, Rye, New York 10580. Happy Birthday, Trace!

A TOUR OF ROWAN OAK - thirty-four color slides of William Faulkner's home, Rowan Oak. House and grounds, interior and exterior views. Descriptive commentary by James W. Webb, Ph.D. ret. chairman, and professor of English, Emeritus, University of Mississippi. $37.50. HISTORICAL GRAPHICS, Post Office Box 648, Oxford, Mississippi 38655. Seven Day Approval. Allow 30 days delivery.

GOOD LOOKING WOMAN, 31 - 5'2", L.A., likes outdoors, music, fireplaces. Seeks intelligent Jewish man with scientific interests. New Republic Box 7100.

TRANSVESTITE/TRANSSEXUAL CASETTES: Best available. "The Male Transvestite," comprehensive overview, $12; "Joanne's Story," candid transsexual interview, $12: "The Hardest Decisions," extraordinary pastoral counseling, $8.95. All three, $26.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Details on request. CONFIDE, Box 56-NRH, Tappan, New York 10983. (914) 359-8860.

EMBARRASSED AT THE GYNECOLOGIST? Or urologist? Summer of '42 syndrome? Licensed family planning expert will provide medically sound answers for *all* questions regarding contraception and sexuality. Send question(s) and $1 fee to A. Hoffman, 1411 Westgate, Los Angeles, California 90025.

FOR TED ROTH-TUBMAN: To celebrate the completion on 23 July of your first brilliant year as the Last of the Bunch.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLORFILES - unique, multicolored, transparent plastic folders for organizing notes, clippings, bills. Ideal desk top and briefcase instant reference system. Four for $2.79, postage paid. 9200 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90069.

LITERATE, NONCHAUVINISTIC MALE, 36 - would like correspondence, friendship with caring female. New Republic Box 7090.

MARITAL AIDS FOR ADULTS (Imported pleasure oriented). Send $2.00 for illustrated catalogue (refunded with first purchase). State your age. Pleasure Products, Box 131, Dept. NR-1, East Lansing, MI 48823.

MAN, FIFTIES, SEEKING WOMAN COMPANION. Interested outdoors, travel, arts. Pittsburgh area, Reply New Republic Box 7070.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH, $10.00 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th Street, New York 10016

THE SCHOOL DROP OUT RATE for American Indian children of the Southwest remains extraordinarily high. Help keep a Navajo or Pueblo child in school and make a personal friend for only $15 per month. Write for information to Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109

Peace Personals

EXPLORE HAPPENINGS IN PORTUGAL in Peace Seminar October 6 to 15. Contact Promoting Enduring Peace, Box 103, Woodmont, Connecticut 06460.

Bumperstickers

TED KENNEDY CLUB - membership $1.00, includes Bumpersticker, Poster, Newsletter. Ted Kennedy Club, Box 43, Kirksville, Missouri 63501

KENNEDY '76. Bumperstrips, 3/$1.00. Buttons, 3/$1.00. ECHO, 136 Churchill Road, Fairfield, Connecticut 06432

BUMPERSTICKER: "Put a Ford in your past/Vote Democratic in '76." 2/$1, Dept. NR, Paul Associates, Box 1224, Westfield, New Jersey 07092

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Lowcost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Campaign '76

DEMOCRATS - Let's draft Governor Reubin Askew for 1976. Write Robert Rutland, Ednam Forest, Charlottesville, VA 22901.

Stationery

PROFESSIONALS - top quality business/social stationery at discount. Colorful sampler/catalogue 50¢. Jacques Stationery, (395N), Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

Literature

THE COST OF DYING: A consumer's alternative to the $3,000 American funeral. By Raymond Paavo Arvio. $6.95 at your bookseller or HARPER & ROW, 10 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022

WOMEN: A JOURNAL OF LIBERATION. A Socialist-Feminist quarterly. $5 per volume. 3028 Greenmount Ave., Baltimore, Maryland 21218

HUGE FIVE POUND GRAB BAG OF BOOKS! Send $4.00. Free catalogue! International, Box 7798 NR, Atlanta, Georgia 30309

"WOMEN, MEN and POETRY" - by Barbara Gibbs Golffing. 50 cents, Rat & Mole Press, P.O. Box 111, Amherst, Massachusetts 01002.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

Celebration '76 Radio

Why are 7 million people in New Jersey searching for their identity?

And frankly Scarlet, what's Georgia up to now? *Hear the stories of*

New Jersey and Georgia

on The States of the Union

NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO's weekly series devoted to the 50 states. Check local listings for broadcast times, or **write:**

National Public Radio

2025 M St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036

60¢ per word — 400,000 readers

#3 ON THE HOUSE

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S special introductory "3 for 2" offer works like this. You pay for 2 insertions . . . we give you #3 FREE (on the house). Why? Because THE NEW REPUBLIC knows that your multiple insertions produce the results your advertising deserves.

☐ Please run the enclosed ad _____ times.
☐ Advance payment of _____ enclosed.

_____

_____

_____

_____

TNR CLASSIFIEDS
. . . the foundation for your successful advertising!

TNR Box numbers = 3 words to cover cost of postage and handling
(See frequency rates next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANSWER TO AYN RAND. $3.95, Dr. John Robbins, POB 4028, Arlington, VA 22204

READ THE GUARDIAN—Newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., $1.00 GUARDIAN, Dept. N.R., 33 West 17th Street, New York, New York 10011 (Full Year $12.50, student $7.50)

Literary Services

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011

WRITERS — "UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

Books Wanted

WANTED—BOOKS About civil liberties and libertarians. Cases, theory, biography, autobiography. Good condition only. New Republic Box 7055.

WANTED: FRANK MERRIWELL NOVELS. Any condition. Philip Terzian, 3801 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20008. (202) 362-5943.

Schools

Great restaurateurs aren't born, they're graduated.

From The Restaurant School.

The only institution in the country that specializes in teaching you how to run your own small, fine quality restaurant.

Through a combination of academic course work and practical experience you'll master business procedures, concept and design principles, personnel psychology, purchasing and marketing as well as cooking, serving, wines and liquor.

And you'll do it all in ten months.

If you're over 21, and motivated by a sincere interest in owning and/or managing a quality 50-100 seat restaurant, you are eligible for admission to The Restaurant School.

Classes begin *SEPTEMBER, 1975*; write or phone now for our brochure and application.

The Restaurant School
2129 Walnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19103 (215) 561-3446

THE LEARNING TRIBE - A unique opportunity to live and learn in three locations in one year, Canada, Mexico, the U.S., while earning regular school credit. Test your potential as naturalist, social scientist, writer, photographer, craftsperson, or wilderness camper. Ages 16-18. box 200, Northfield, MA 01360. (413) 498-2160.

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960

Employment Opportunities

TEACHERS OF ENGLISH required in Japan. Write: TS Corporation, Education Division, Chinatown Building, 202 Yamashita-Cho, Naka-ku, Yokohama, Japan.

TRAVEL 'ROUND THE WORLD ON FOREIGN SHIPS. Good pay, no experience, men-women. Self-addressed stamped envelope. Macedon, Box 864, St. Joseph, Mo. 64502.

Business Opportunities

NEED MONEY? Mail commission circulars from home! Details, send stamped self-addressed envelope. D. Byrd, 616 Briarcliffe Rd., Upper Darby, Pennsylvania 19082.

Property-Sale/Rent

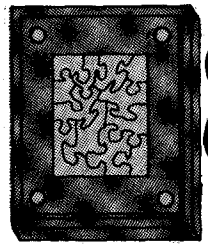
BEAUTIFUL MANSION overlooking ocean on Cape Cod, has private room for permanent retired person. Apply (617) 540-0399.

Vacation/Travel

PLEASURE PACK through the most scenic regions of the Canadian Rockies. Our two-week odysseys, Sept. 13-27 introduce trekkers to backpacking and high mountain adventure. Small, amicable groups. Experienced leadership. Great food! Open to families/singles. Shorter, year-round Eastern excursions - backpacking, rock climbing, x-country skiing, canoeing. ODYSSEY, LTD., 26 Hilltop, Berkeley Heights, New Jersey 07922. (201) 322-8414.

ST. LUCIA, WEST INDIES - 3 bedroom 2 bath apartment. 1000 foot elevation. Spectacular view of Caribbean. Pool. Beaches nearby. $245 weekly includes maid-cook. Harry Paine, 3226 University Highland Park, Illinois 60035. (312) 432-0318.

Arts & Crafts



The Copper Puzzle

Pure copper puzzle mounted between Plexiglas and cork with solid brass screws. Mounted size 5" x 7". Each puzzle is original and completely hand-crafted. Send $30 for each puzzle to:

thom hickam
809 n. wayne st. #3b
arlington va. 22201

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS" 50¢ Whittemore, Box 2065PP, Hanover, Mass. 02339

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS. Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. Catalog fully illustrated with 486 subjects. $8.00. Write Adachi Institute, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan or Fuji Ueda, 17841 Golfview Road. Homewood, Illinois 60430.

Gourmet/Cookery

YANKEE YUMMIES - collect native Vermonters authentic recipes. Series one, $1.00. Green Mountain Gourmet, P.O. Box 283 N.R., Rye, NY 10580

Sports Equipment

BACKPACKING, SKI TOURING, CAMPING EQUIPMENT. Touring kayak kits, foldboats, accessories. Books, guides. Personalized, rapid service by knowledgable, concerned people. Free catalog. MOOR & MOUNTAIN, Dept 44, 63 Park Street, Andover, Massachusetts 01810

Music

SOCIETY OF FOUR-HANDED PIANISTS - forming to provide new music. SOFT Information, Box 349, Bath, South Carolina 29816

SASSMANN HARPSICHORDS. Kastenbeau construction. Meticulous craftsmanship. Brochures. Gregoire. Harpsichord Distributors, Charlemont, Massachusetts 01339.

BEST Kits yet for Dulcimers, plucked or hammered, mt. style banjos, psalteries, thumb pianos, kazoos. Also completed instruments and instruction books, records, and cases. HERE, INC., 410 Cedar, Minneapolis, MN 55454.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Fine and lasting musical instruments in kit form. Patented Burton Jacks. Write Box 80222N Lincoln, Nebraska 68501, for free brochure.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

DULCIMERS, FRETLESS BANJOS of highest quality craftsmanship and materials. Sunhearth, Roaring Spring, Pennsylvania 16673

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion) .....60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year .....55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year .....50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year .....45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year .....40¢

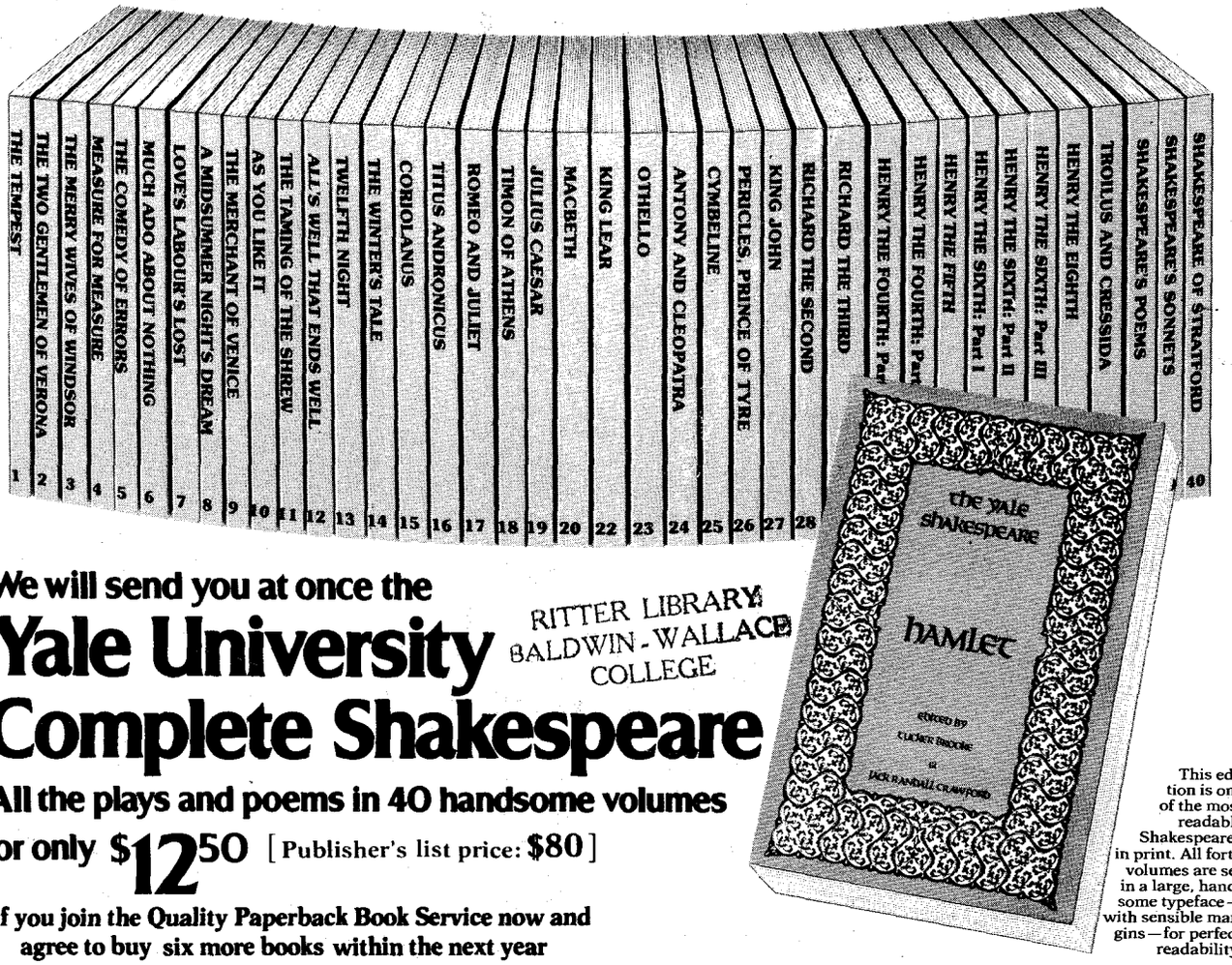
Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A dramatic introduction to the benefits you'll enjoy as a member of the QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE



We will send you at once the Yale University Complete Shakespeare

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

All the plays and poems in 40 handsome volumes for only $12.50 [Publisher's list price: $80]

This edition is one of the most readable Shakespeares in print. All forty volumes are set in a large, handsome typeface—with sensible margins—for perfect readability.

If you join the Quality Paperback Book Service now and agree to buy six more books within the next year

HERE'S an extraordinary opportunity for those who collect the classics in fine paperback editions. You can add the complete forty-volume Yale University paperback edition of all Shakespeare's plays and poems—an $80 value—to your library for only $12.50, with membership.

This edition not only includes all the plays and poems; it also contains a wealth of background information prepared by distinguished Shakespeare scholars to help you gain a deeper understanding of Shakespeare and his works: copious notes, explanations of the sources and history of each play, useful glossaries of obscure words and phrases. Moreover, this paperback edition is one of the most readable Shakespeares in print.

As a QPB member, you'll save money on many of today's most significant paperbacks. Every Main Selection comes to you at a full 20% discount, and you'll also qualify immediately for our Free Book Plan.

If you've been frustrated by the difficulty—perhaps the impossibility—of locating good books in economical paperback editions, give the QPB the short trial outlined. You have everything to gain, including the forty-volume *Yale University Complete Shakespeare.*

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057 **5-QB127-8-1**

Please enroll me as a member of the Quality Paperback Book Service and send me all forty volumes of the paperback edition of the YALE UNIVERSITY COMPLETE SHAKESPEARE (publisher's list price: $80). Bill me only $12.50, plus shipping. My only obligation is to purchase six more books or sets during the coming year, receiving a 20% discount on every Main Selection I take. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy the six additional books or sets. A moderate shipping charge is added to all shipments.

9

Mr.
Ms. _____
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Q21

HOW MEMBERSHIP WORKS

1. You will receive the *QPB Review* fifteen times a year—about every 3½ weeks. This informative catalog describes the Main Selection plus approximately seventy Alternates. **The Main Selection is always offered at a 20% discount.**
2. If you want the Main Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more of the Alternates—or no book at all—just indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *Review* and return it by the date specified.
3. **Free books.** For every book or set you buy (exclusive of the *Yale University Complete Shakespeare,* your introductory forty-volume set for $12.50) you earn at least one Bonus Point, and the Bonus Points you accumulate entitle you to free books and sets. (You pay only shipping charges.)
4. **Return privilege.** If your *Review* is delayed in the mail and therefore you receive the Main Selection without having had ten days to notify us if you did not want it, you may return that Selection at our expense.

qpb **QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.**
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057

JUL 28 1975

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED